

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR JULY, 1827.

- Art. I. 1. *The State of the Protestant Religion in Germany: in a Series of Discourses preached before the University of Cambridge.* By the Rev. Hugh James Rose, M.A. of Trinity College and Vicar of Horsham. 8vo. pp. 200. Price 8s. Cambridge, 1825.
2. *Der Zustand der Protestantischen Religion in Teutschland, &c.;* being a German Translation of the preceding. With a Preface and Annotations. Small 8vo. pp. 236. Leipzig, 1826. Price (at Treuttel and Würtz's, London) 5s.
3. *Reflexions suggérées par l'Annonce du Concours qui doit s'ouvrir, pour la Nomination de Deux Professeurs à la Faculté de Théologie Protestante de l'Académie de Montauban.* Par M. Stapfer, ancien Pasteur, &c. 8vo. pp. 45. Paris, 1824. Inserted in the *Archives du Christianisme du XIX. Siècle. Septième Année.*

A GLANCE at the extent of human depravity, intellectual or sensual, may lead us to apply the proverbial question of Solomon, "Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new?" The newest objections and theories of infidelity are rarely any other than reproductions, in more modish dress, of older speculations. Voltaire, and his confederates on the Continent, forged their light missiles out of the heavy materials produced by the English deists, who had by a few years preceded them; and their arguments, as to general suggestion, and often as to specific form, may be traced to the Manichean Faustus, to Julian, or to Celsus. The early replies, also, of Origen and Eusebius were noble models to the best Christian advocates of modern times. In a word, the weapons which are employed to assail the cause of truth and goodness, and the armour by which it is defended, are, in all periods of time, substantially the same. The weeds of unbelief grow in the evil heart of man; they have always a character congenial to their soil; and they can never be eradicated till its nature undergoes a Divine change.

Within the last forty years, infidelity has assumed a disguise which some beings who believe and tremble, have, no doubt, lauded as very clever and ingenious. In Protestant Germany and the neighbouring countries, it has put on the gown and the ruff; its children and servants have been saluted as *summe venerandi*, and they have sat down in the dignity and influence of university chairs and parish pulpits. They are, therefore, decked with the name of Christian; they are held to be the children of the Reformation; they are professionally of the Lutheran or of the Calvinistic communion; they are pastors and professors of divinity, profound scholars, able critics, and distinguished authors.

The outline of their scheme is this:—That the moral contents of the Bible are a Revelation from God, in the same sense in which all intellectual proficiency and practical improvements are gifts of Divine Providence.—That the book of Genesis is a collection of the earliest traditions concerning the origin and primeval history of the human race, containing some facts, but mingled with much allegory, mythology, and fable.—That the institutions of the Israelitish nation were the admirable inventions of Moses and his coadjutors, the claim of a divine origin having been cleverly assumed, and ably sustained, to obtain the credit and obedience of a barbarous people.—That the prophets were the bards and patriotic leaders of their country, warmed with the love of virtue, roused by the inspiration of genius, using the name of the Lord to arouse torpid and selfish minds, and having no other insight into futurity than the conjectures which were suggested by profound political views, and by access to the secrets of camps and cabinets.—That Jesus was one of the best and wisest of men, possessing peculiar genius and an elevation of soul far above his age and nation.—That, seeing his countrymen sunk in ignorance and superstition, and apprised of the depravity of the idolatrous nations, he formed the grand conception of a pure, simple, and rational religion, founded on the Unity of the Godhead, enjoining universal virtue, having as few positive doctrines and outward institutions as possible, and, therefore, adapted to all times and all countries.—That, in order to accomplish his purpose the more readily and safely, he entered into a temporary compromise with the popular opinions and phraseology, assuming to be the Messiah whom the nation expected, and applying to himself various passages of the prophets, such as were calculated to excite the highest veneration.—That, by superior natural science, and by dexterously availing himself of fortunate coincidences, he impressed the bulk of the people with the belief of his possessing supernatural powers,—an

artifice very excusable on account of its benevolent and virtuous motive.—That, by the envy, revenge, and selfish policy of the Jewish ecclesiastical leaders, he was condemned to die; that he was fastened to a cross, but (in consequence, perhaps, of previous management by some friends in power) was not mortally hurt; that he was taken down in a swoon, and laid in a cool and secluded recess within a rock, where, by the skill and care of his friends, animation was restored.—That, when recovered, he concerted measures with his confidential adherents for carrying on his noble and generous views; that, from a secure retirement, known to only a very few of his most intimate disciples, he directed their operations; and that, in a personal interview near Damascus, he had the admirable address to conciliate Saul of Tarsus, and persuade him to join the cause with all the weight of his talents.—That he probably lived many years in this happy retirement, and, before his death, had the pleasure of knowing that his moral system was extensively received both by Jews and by men of other nations.—That this religion, though a human contrivance, is the best and most useful for the general happiness of mankind, and therefore ought to be supported and taught, at least, till the prevalence of philosophical morality shall render it no longer needful.

Such a system as this is held boldly and throughout by some, and by others in various degrees of approximation. They go under the denominations of *Rationalists*, *Neologists*, and *Anti-supernaturalists*; and we have been informed that other terms are employed to express, like the nomenclature of a West Indian population, the differing shades and hues of this belief or non-belief. We may remark, by the way, that the former of these appellations is very unhappy, and ought to be strenuously protested against. It implies a concession which we regard as false and injurious; it dishonours the inestimable gift of God, which distinguishes from the brutes, and on which alone accountableness and religion can rest; it pays a most unfair compliment to persons who are far from deserving it, but who are eager to avail themselves of it; and it encourages the idea, that those who hold what we believe to be the genuine doctrines of Christianity, are the maintainers of a system which will not stand the test of thorough investigation.

Were any rational and impartial inquirer to go through the Neological scheme with due scrutiny, he would be able to demonstrate its utter incongruity with the facts that are acknowledged,—its irreconcilableness with the records on which it is built, and whose authenticity and sincerity it affirms. He would shew that, by the multitudes of most singular and

opportune conjunctures of extraordinary though natural phenomena, which it lays down for its positions, and without which it cannot be sustained for a moment, it admits a series of fortuitous events whose occurrence and combination are infinitely less credible than the simple miracles declared in the Scriptures; and finally, that it is overthrown by the external evidences in favour of a Divine revelation, as treated by many well-known authors.

The most celebrated supporters of this system, in some or other of its gradations, are believed to be, or to have been, Paulus, Eichhorn, Eckermann, Gesenius, the Author of the Hebrew Lexicon, Gabler, Wegscheider, Brerschneider, Van Hemert of Amsterdam, Schiller the late dramatist and historian; and to these, we fear we must add Heinrichs, Niemeyer, and Schleiermacher, the Author of *A Critical Essay on the Gospel of St. Luke*, which has been translated into English, and of which we hope shortly to take further notice. These writers have certainly rendered useful services to the cause of Bible-learning. In numerous Dissertations, Essays, and Commentaries, they have contributed stores of Oriental and Rabbinical attainments to the illustration of history, allusions, and phraseology, in both the Old and the New Testaments. It is especially worthy of observation, that, in their bringing out of the grammatical sense of the Christian Scriptures, they frequently state certain opinions and persuasions *as entertained by the Apostles*, which are no other than the GREAT DOCTRINES of religion, as held by the orthodox churches of ancient and modern times. These are, the ascribing to Christ of those attributes which are peculiar to Deity; the assertion of an expiatory design in the sufferings and death of Christ; the referring of all events to the decrees and providence of God; the reality and necessity of Divine influence in order to true holiness in principle and action; the existence and temptations of wicked spirits; and the immediate happiness or misery of the human soul on its separation from the body. It is to be observed, that, in making these statements, the Rationalist interpreters are most careful to avoid the declaration of *their own* belief; they appear to keep ever in view the character under which they write, that of *mere narrators* of what were the opinions of other men, in a distant age. But it is obvious, that this very character, this confinement to the bare construing of the text and the cold assertion of its meaning, this very indifference (whether real or affected) to that meaning, and all united with the admitted skill of the writers, in all the critical requisites, renders their *testimony* of great value. Nor should we forget one consideration more: that, if these interpreters had followed their own *evident* bias, they

would have given a sense to each passage, of a very different character from that which they have done. As, when Porphyry and Julian, and the malignant Jew who wrote the *Toldoth Jesu*, admit the reality of our Lord's miracles, but satisfy themselves by referring them to magic as the cause, we feel the value of their testimony, but are unmoved by their arguing; so, in this case, we accept the depositions of enemies to evangelical doctrines, that those doctrines *were believed and taught by the Apostles*, while our feelings towards the authors of the depositions are those, not of approbation, but of strong censure and deep pity.

The Latin writings of Koppe and his continuators, of the younger Rosenmüller, Schleusner, and Kuinöl, have been the chief instruments in making Englishmen, to a limited degree, acquainted with the existence and opinions of this school of spurious theology; and the intercourse of our Bible Societies has brought, more effectively than any other method was likely to have done, before the mind of Christians in general, an exhibition of the evil itself and of the means by which Divine Providence is, we trust, counteracting it. But the Latin works of the authors just mentioned, (of whom the latter two are narrators, not supporters, of the system, and E. F. C. Rosenmüller appears, by the more recent publications of his *Scholia*, to have relinquished it,) and of some who are less extensively known among us, do not amount to a complete exhibition of the case. It is in the vernacular writings of the authors referred to, that we must seek for the full exposition of their opinions and the application of those opinions; and it is in the vernacular writings also of some of their countrymen, that we can obtain their best confutation. It is our earnest wish, that the lovers of truth and of really free and rational inquiry, would do all in their power to promote the study of the German language in our own country; we are persuaded that it would be found the best way of making the poison inefficient and the antidote successful.

Mr. Rose, the Author of the Sermons now on our table, possesses this advantage. He has not only studied German books, but has travelled and resided among the people, and has probably been aided by some of them in the collection of passages and references. Nevertheless, the complaint has been strongly urged, both in Germany and in this country, that he has given prominence to a great number of obscure writers who are deservedly forgotten in their own land, while he has omitted the mention of authors who possess the weight of character, ability, and popularity, on the better side. He says himself:

‘ In truth, I have only expressed what has been said to me by every

intelligent German with whom I have conversed on the subject; and it is a source of pleasure and consolation to remember [consider] that a remedy for such evils cannot long be wanted, in a country so filled with all that is amiable in character and distinguished in learning.'

p. viii.

His Translator remarks :

'The Author has travelled in Germany : but is it possible that all his *Notes* can be his own production? Has no German divine, of sentiments like his own, lent him now and then a helping hand? One may almost think so, from the extensive knowledge which he shews of our theological literature; while, on the other hand, many excellent men and their works, (for instance, Griesbach, Knapp, Morus, Keil, Jerusalem, and many others,) are mentioned either not at all, or not in relation to their writings on this class of subjects.'

German Translation, p. vi.

Another charge which the same person makes (p. vii. and in several of the *Notes*), but which could scarcely attach to the communications of a native, is, that Mr. Rose has not always given a faithful representation of the opinions which he impugns. If it be so, we are persuaded that the failure, on his part, has not been intentional. In his *Notes*, also, the Translator loudly complains of Mr. R.'s prejudices, and charges him with a want of competent knowledge on the matters which he has undertaken to discuss.

Indeed, many passages in Mr. Rose's book contain symptoms of partial and inaccurate information, of haste in the drawing up, or of inconsequential reasoning. He has rendered service to the serious inquirer by presenting important facts and many just observations; but we fear that the utility of them will be essentially diminished, by defects which run through the whole work; by a want of perception of the primary causes of the awful mischief which he has portrayed, and a total failure in his prescription for a cure. He boldly affirms, that 'the evil is to be imputed *entirely* to the absence of all 'control over religious speculation in the German churches.' He seems to take it as granted and indisputable, that no such evil exists, or can exist, in the Church of England by law established; and he complacently attributes this blessing to 'the 'controlling form of our peculiar system of church-government, 'and the *binding power* of the articles which guide our faith, 'and the liturgy which directs our devotion.' (p. 12.) This appears to be the grand theme of gratulation ever uppermost in his mind. Again and again, he urges 'the absolute necessity 'of some *check and restraint* over the human mind,'—'a power 'of *control* over the speculations of ministers,'—'a clear and 'distinct declaration of faith, to which *strict adherence* must be

'required,'—' and a government which shall diligently repress every tendency to carelessness and every attempt at innovation.' (pp. 7, 10, 11, 12, 14.)

Entertaining the high opinion which we do of the ingenuous and candid spirit of our Author, we cannot but be surprised that none of the obvious objections to this principle appear to have occurred to him. The question is natural and unavoidable, Who are the persons, since the age of the inspired writers, who can prove themselves qualified to govern, in the minds of their fellow-men, 'the right of private judgement,' by drawing *authoritatively* the line of distinction between its 'wild and licentious exercise,' and that which is lawful and becoming;—to check, restrain, control, and bind the understandings of any men, in the concerns of religion or any other subjects of intellectual consideration? We say, *authoritatively*; for to acts of authority alone does Mr. R. refer. Authority is a right, founded upon the will and constitution of God, to command and to prohibit; and, when applied to religious matters, it implies the existence of an *infallible principle* of knowledge as to what is right and what is wrong, what is true and what is erroneous. We acknowledge this right, as residing primarily and infinitely in the Adorable God, and as exercised through the instrumentality of the prophets and apostles, who spake and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Spirit. We view it as our happiness and glory to recognize the principle of religious authority, inspired, infallible, and binding, in the Holy Scriptures; and beyond this, we need not, we cannot go.

But Mr. Rose, and many who think with him, conceive that this is far from being sufficient for duly preserving the interests of religion. Men may and do differ in their understanding and interpreting of the Holy Scriptures; and therefore, say they, there is a necessity for the interposition of a *third power*, in order to prevent 'the most perfect liberty of believing and thinking'; a something which shall possess 'binding authority' in matters of faith; and which shall be able to coerce, check, and control the exercise of men's intellectual faculties in the investigation of religious truth. Very good: only let us know where we may find this third power. The claims of Popery are out of the question. Mr. R. and a numerous party in this country who think with him, are Protestants. Yet, they seem to feel no difficulty in the case! *The Articles and Liturgy of the Church of England* are by them fearlessly assumed as being possessed of this right and power. But do those documents, in fact, answer this intention? Is it not notorious, that there are, and always have been, in the Protestant Episcopal Church of our country,

most wide, vital, and irreconcilable differences of opinion; from high enthusiasm and Antinomianism, down to the grossest Pelagianism? Further; if the proposed end were really obtained, we should still have a right, and be in duty bound, to ask, whether the means to this end be legitimate. Were these Articles and this Liturgy given by divine inspiration? Did the framers of them ever advance such a claim? Mr. R. indeed seems to make a close approach to the putting forward of the claim; (page 22.) but has it been substantiated by its proper evidence, that of miracles? Is it not notorious, that the Articles and Prayer Book derive their legal authority solely from the votes of Parliament and the Royal Assent? Was not the first Act of Uniformity carried in opposition to the declared opinions and wishes of nearly all the bishops? With what colour, then, of reason or of historic faith, can the absence of such a 'binding power' as this, be represented as the sole cause of the German heterodoxies? We conceive that other reasons for the existence of the evil are easily to be discovered. Of these, some are too obvious to need being particularized, as they fall under the general head of human depravity, and the tendency to abuse and to corrupt the greatest of providential blessings. Of the more specific causes, we shall mention four, each of which includes a host of subordinate evil principles.

1. The unhappy idea, which had a wide and pestiferous influence at the time of the Reformation, of making men disciples of Christ by government edicts and ecclesiastical mandates. From this wretched principle arose the chief evils of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which produced the oppression and banishment of individuals who would not renounce all at once the Roman Catholic religion, and this by magistrates who had but themselves just quitted that communion;—the murder of Servetus and many other deeds of horrid persecution, by even good men;—the division of the Protestant interest into the two parties of the Reformed or Calvinistic, and the Evangelical or Lutheran;—the fierce enmities and intolerance on both sides;—the thirty years' war;—the enforcing of the use of appropriating formularies by the whole population of a country;—the bringing all young people to the sacramental communion;—and, in a little time, the training up for the holy ministry those who had given no evidence of being holy persons. One who saw the beginnings of these things with his own eyes, and whose errors should never cover from our admiration his piety, his integrity, his candid and amiable temper, his labours, and his cruel sorrows,—Sebastian Castellio, thus wrote in 1555.

‘ We see those who are endeavouring to reform the Church,
 ‘ bestow their chief pains in producing the outward form of
 ‘ sanctimoniousness; that is, that the word of God may be
 ‘ preached, the sacraments administered, the Bible read,
 ‘ psalms sung, prayers made publicly, and in every house,
 ‘ morning and evening, before meals and after meals, and all
 ‘ this in the vernacular tongue; also, that the Lord’s Supper
 ‘ and public religious assemblies be attended; in a word, that
 ‘ God be worshipped in all *visible* and *palpable* ways. What,
 ‘ some one may say, do not you approve of these things?
 ‘ Certainly I do: far from me be the reprehension of them!—
 ‘ But, since wicked as well as good men may perform these
 ‘ outward actions, I wish to see the great stress laid upon such
 ‘ things as bad men cannot do, such as are the distinctive
 ‘ and genuine evidences of a true Christian.—How many per-
 ‘ sons, with the outward form of religion, are only so much
 ‘ the more crafty, and malicious, and deceptive! So that the
 ‘ proverb is exemplified, “The nearer the temple, the further
 ‘ from God.” Labouring to purify the Church without, yet
 ‘ neglecting to purify the soul within, is putting a new roof
 ‘ upon a falling house, or covering a patient with poultices,
 ‘ while deadly sickness lies at the heart.—O my brethren, let
 ‘ us think of our own affairs, let us examine our own hearts,
 ‘ let us drive out our own lusts, let us fear the Lord,—let us
 ‘ bear with one another, let us love each other, let us not shed
 ‘ blood,—let us not harden our hearts.—The Lord is beginning
 ‘ to follow us with his judgements. War, pestilence, fa-
 ‘ mine; all things rage on every side. Yet, every man sets up
 ‘ his own god, every man his own opinion; all are wise; every
 ‘ man listens to himself, and refuses to hear his neighbour.
 ‘ And, for a remedy of these things, shall we vex and accuse,
 ‘ banish, betray, and kill each other? Is this to appease an
 ‘ angry God? Is it not adding oil to the flames?—Let us seek
 ‘ Christ where he is to be found,—scourged and derided, spit
 ‘ upon and reviled, his visage marred, his beauty defiled, and
 ‘ by the whole world rejected. Such a Christ must we choose,
 ‘ and embrace; if we would rise and reign with him.’*

It is not difficult to perceive, that the inevitable consequences of this state of a religious profession would be, first, formalism and pharisaism, subtle self-righteousness under the names and forms of evangelical doctrine; then, hypocrisy, in all degrees and shapes; then, indifference to sentiment, a mutual

* *Quinque Impedimentorum, &c. i. e. Brief Enumeration of Five Hindrances which draw away the Minds of Men from the Knowledge of Divine Truth*: a posthumous treatise, printed at Gouda, 1613.

and tacit understanding to regard confessions and formularies as articles of peace, rather than of faith, the exclusive preaching of the external evidences of revelation and of a dead morality; and finally, the avowed repudiation of fundamental truths.

2. We find another melancholy source of the evil, in the spirit and operation of a State Religion. Hence it is that irreligious men are constituted rulers, directors, and agents in the worship, profession, and government of the Church. Such men are radically enemies to the holy truths as well as duties of God's word; and, in the long run, they are sure to manifest their departure from them. Mr. Rose introduces with marked disapprobation, what he calls the 'grand position' of the pious Philip James Spener, (a contemporary and friend of Augustus Herman Franck,) that 'only a *converted* or *regenerated* theologian could attain any true knowledge of his science.' (p. 36.) We trust that Mr. R. misunderstands the terms in which he gives this position; for, if not, if he denies the necessity of *moral* qualifications, a right state of the heart or affections towards God, in order, not to a mere theoretical understanding of the Gospel, but to a *sincere faith* in it, he is indeed sanctioning one of the most dangerous of errors. But we cannot impute to him such a denial. The solemn and awakening terms in which he speaks of the character of a Christian minister, in the perorations of his Second and Third Discourses, are irreconcilable with a disbelief of that influence of the Holy Spirit, from which 'all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed.' We are far from saying that a man, without that heavenly grace, lies under a mental inability, or any sort of natural incapacity, for attaining a 'true knowledge of theological science.' On the contrary, we are persuaded, that nothing is wanting but the *moral* fitness of the mind; that is, a *right state* of the will and affections, a proper exercise of the voluntary powers, the springs of character and action. These moral powers, in the man who is unregenerate, (we speak not of baptism, but of that divinely conferred and inwardly received blessing which the Liturgy calls *spiritual regeneration* and the *everlasting benediction of God's heavenly washing*,) are so hostile to all true goodness, that, although such a man may understand theological truth never so extensively, in a manner that is merely intellectual and theoretical, he has no perception of its divine excellency, its holy beauty, its intrinsic charms, which, if we may use the well-known words, are only *φωσὶς καὶ ἀγαθή*. His mind, because of its governing principles, is "enmity against God;"—"it apprehendeth not that which cometh from the Spirit of God,

for it is to him foolishness, and he cannot conceive of it [i. e. aright and as he ought to do], since it must be judged of according to the principles of divine influence."* The members of the Church of England would do well to attend to the most distinguished men of their own communion. From their fathers and their best divines they might learn, that 'God—does 'still direct the humble and single-hearted, while he suffers 'the proud searcher to lose himself in this obscure field of 'truth: wherefore disobedient learning and industry, both are 'turned off from obtaining any certain and satisfactory knowledge of this divine mystery, as well as worldliness and voluptuousness.—[In this] spiritual husbandry—nothing can be 'brought to any great beauty, order, fulness, and maturity, 'without our own industry; nor indeed with it, unless the dew 'of HIS grace descend upon it, without whose blessing this 'spiritual culture will thrive as little as the labour of the husbandman without showers of rain.' (*Henry More.*) 'He is 'a true Christian indeed, not he that is only *book-taught*, but 'he that is *God-taught*; he that hath the unction from the 'Holy One,—he that hath the Spirit of Christ within him.' (*Cudworth.*)

3. We esteem as a great accessory cause of this moral pestilence, the separation of a devout and serious spirit from theological discussions and biblical interpretations. This monstrous impropriety did not shew itself all at once. It took root, we fear, in the dry gravity and coldness of some commentators of the Remonstrant and Arian schools, whose works were introduced and powerfully recommended in Germany, about eighty years ago. It gradually increased unto more ungodliness, especially in the University Lectures; and quirk, jibe, and innuendo were without scruple used, in close connexion with the most serious and awful subjects. The sacred names and attributes, the law and the gospel of heaven, every doctrine and precept, every promise and threatening of the divine word, were readily associated with any form of jest and silly witticism. We cannot acquit John David Michaelis from a heavy share in this guilt; yet, we must observe, that those of his works which have been translated into English, seem, in this respect, more faulty than his Scripture Commentaries. So far as our acquaintance with the latter has extended, we have been gratified with observing less intrusion of his constitutional levity, and more seriousness of sentiment and ex-

* We cite the text according to the paraphrastic, but, we conceive, just translation of Michaelis.

pression, than appears, for instance, in the English Version, by the late Dr. Alexander Smith, of his "Mosaic Law."

4. We mention one other powerful cause; the miserable intolerance of the Protestant States of Germany. Had religious freedom existed, or even a liberal and paternal toleration of dissidents, the population of a town or village in which Neologism got possession of the parish pulpit, would most probably have formed a separate congregation with a pastor of their own choice, and the gospel of the Reformation and of Apostolic Christianity would have maintained its ground; yea, it would have flourished and triumphed. But the horror of any approach to popular liberty, united with the inveterate evil of subjecting all public worship to the prescriptive meddlings of the Government, was the characteristic malady of all the German principalities, great and small. In some of them, among whom the Prussian States deserve honourable mention, the evil has been abated in a considerable degree; but in others, particularly those under Austrian dominion or influence, it has awfully increased since their deliverance from Napoleon's iron grasp. Thus, the grand remedy has been shut out, which, otherwise, it is morally certain, would have been applied; and the people, compelled to attend the parish church, or to enjoy no public religion at all, have been brought down, with scattered exceptions, happily now becoming numerous, to the level of their unchristian and antichristian teachers. The same would have been the case in our own country, had not the non-conformists made their self-sacrificing stand against ecclesiastical usurpation, and had not the Revolution under King William secured the liberty of conscientious separation. The cause of the Evangelical Dissenters operated both as a remedy and as an example to the remains of piety in the Establishment. Without it, popery or formalism would, according to appearances, have secured an ascendancy fatal to all the interests of Great Britain. At the present moment, also, the revival of religion in France is setting strongly into the channel of a peaceable but uncompromising separation from the Protestant State Establishment, with its salaried clergy, a royal veto upon the appointment of its ministers, and a royal right of arbitrary dismissal.

On this subject, we shall obtain the approbation and the thanks of our readers, by introducing some paragraphs of a very remarkable document, which appeared, nearly five years ago, in a German periodical work, the *Darmstadt Ecclesiastical Gazette*. We have not the original, and are therefore obliged to take our passages from the translation which appeared in the *Archives du Christianisme*, vol. vii. Paris, 1824. pp. 253—260.

* As, in many places, there are Ban-Mills, to which all the inhabitants of the district are obliged to carry their corn to be ground, and are precluded from applying any where else; so, in our days, it appears a determination to set up in different parts, Ban-Churches: and, as the privileged millers have the sole right of supplying flour, so the privileged preachers must alone possess the right of distributing the word of God and the means of edification! A toll and custom-house line is ordered to be drawn round all the Churches; and whatsoever the law does not permit, according to the decrees of the established *continental system*, is to be regarded as spiritual contraband, and to be confiscated for the benefit of the State! Thus are certain persons pleased to make Christianity an article of privilege, monopoly, and secularization.—In proportion as this privileged Christianity has become, in numerous places, a lifeless form, has theological instruction fallen and degenerated, so as to have become actually antichristian; clergymen have manifestly performed their functions merely as a trade; and public devotion has been deprived of all its nutriment and power. So unreasonable and unjust a thing is this monopoly become, that it cannot but make numerous partizans to separatism: and separatism it must in the end introduce, as inevitably and necessarily as Popery brought on the Reformation. Real Christianity, *the Christian Life*, is the most free, the most voluntary thing, not indeed *of* the world, but *in* the world. It is a spiritual power, given to mortals from on high; and it breaks and dashes to atoms all the chains and fetters which the spirit of the times or the spirit of the world would impose upon it. Triumphant over the ruins of Rome's universal monarchy, which in a struggle of three centuries sought in vain to stifle it, it stands as a glorious monument, that the world shall never keep the ascendancy over the Cross of JESUS and the Word of His Cross.

* Yet, the fact is, that our age has brought upon itself these melancholy restraints. It has deserved the chastisement, that an *infidelity* which has abandoned the principles of the Reformation, and an *IRRATIONAL reason* which sets up its pretensions to be lord over the word of God, twisting and torturing it at its own arbitrary liking, should, in various places, threaten to become an actual Papal domination. Yes; our age, by its lukewarmness and indifference to holy and divine things, has more than merited this awful judgement from God, the plagues of a *new spiritual tyranny*.—We have seen what may be made of the Christian system under a knife employed in the dissection of all notions, and then taking up Christianity as a mere affair of notions. But, what will at last be made of it by an *infidel rationalism* or a *lifeless orthodoxy*, remains to be seen.—Government-edicts and police-officers will not appease the famine of the soul. To thousands of hearts the Lord hath spoken mightily and efficaciously, by the great events and the important experience of our age. It will be felt, that he speaks with an authority which these scribes and pharisees can neither imitate nor resist. Wearied humanity groans for the cure of its wretchedness. Flat and insipid moralists would curb with spider's webs the unbridled violence of

human passions, and deal out their paper recipes for the maladies of the mind : but the patients are groaning for a strength from on high, and are desiring the True Physician of souls. Learned doctors dispense learned words ; but the people are hungering for the simple word of the cross, that which the Bible-doctrine of Redemption offers. They, from their lofty pulpits and their professors' chairs, preach the horrid blasphemy, that to adore Him who is " the True God and the Eternal Life," is idolatry : but the wandering souls are collecting together and returning to their Saviour.'

These extracts may give some idea of the spirit and tendency of this interesting paper. Its Author (whom we should be happy to know) proceeds to ask, what is to be done for counteracting the arbitrary and persecuting spirit of the anti-evangelical party ; and he answers, *by displaying and urging the resources of DOMESTIC PIETY.*

' Every head of a family,' he says, ' converted by grace and raised with Christ to walk in newness of life, is called to be the priest, teacher, and pastor of his own household. Let him bear their names, as precious stones, upon his heart. Let him with them draw every day new lessons from the word of God, the great book of instruction for mankind. Let him declare to them the name of the Lord, in the morning and evening worship. Let him be to them, on the small scale, what a good pastor is to an entire church. Every Christian church should be properly a family ; and every Christian family, a church of God our Saviour. The more *public* instruction, devotion, prayer, and discipline sink into degeneracy, the more is it necessary that *domestic* instruction, devotion, prayer, and discipline should be renovated.'

We cannot but subjoin a part of the remarks of the excellent French Editor of this document.

' This paper was republished in a political journal, we believe, at Frankfort. It has not been without effect in Germany, for informing and bringing back to principles of wisdom and moderation, several persons of influence. We shall mention a single instance. Dr. von Valenti, a physician in a small town in the Grand Duchy of Weimar, who had long lived in complete infidelity, having been brought by the grace of God to know and love the gospel, did not fail, when he visited his patients and gave them all the assistance of his art, to bring them also those consoling instructions which restore health to the soul, and which may even, by their tranquillizing effect, contribute to recover that of the body. Afterwards, some who had been his patients, as also several other persons, united themselves with him, in holding meetings for reading the Bible and religious books. These meetings soon brought painful consequences upon Dr. von V., partly from some clergymen who possessed considerable influence, and who are well known in Germany for their attachment to the principles of rationalism, and partly from the Government itself. He

was thrown into prison for a fortnight, and then ordered to quit the country. He went to Dresden. But, in a short time, he was recalled by his own Government, and allowed perfect liberty to read the Bible and what books he liked, with the friends who might choose to join him. Some persons attributed this change to friendly remonstrances from Berlin or St. Petersburg: but it was not so. A man of influence, one of the diplomatic members of the Diet at Frankfort, had read this article. He made a communication of it to Weimar, and the result of the deliberations to which it led, was a return to the just principles of Christian and Protestant toleration. So may all governments be led to shake off pernicious secret influence, to come out of the darkness of persecution, and to return to the light of RELIGIOUS LIBERTY!"

These appear to us to furnish the true reasons of the origination and progress of Neologism; a system which is not confined to Germany, but has been zealously fostered in other countries. The facts which we have thus detailed, possess all the requisites of a just solution, for they are *really existing* causes, and they are *sufficient* to account for the effects. That many minor circumstances have modified the results, in particular cases, we have already intimated; and these would of course produce, in some instances an aggravation, in others a mitigation, of the consequence: but that consequence is, in all cases, substantially the same, a denial of the GRAND PRINCIPLE of Revelation, namely, that the Scriptures convey to us the TESTIMONY OF GOD; that this testimony, which we are to ascertain by the fair methods of verbal interpretation, is the *ultimate ground* of belief, perfect in itself, the highest evidence of truth, admitting of being neither disputed nor corroborated by human argumentation, and demanding, on the peril of Jehovah's righteous judgement, to be implicitly and inflexibly believed.

Mr. Rose gives the following sketch of the radical principles and the character of the Anti-Christian party.

'The Rationalizing divines have done this,—they have chosen to suppose a system which *they think* reasonable, which they think *ought to be* the Christian system; and they resolved to *make it so* at any expense of Scripture. I have no hesitation in saying, that their whole system of historical interpretation is built on these notions, and, loudly as its excellency is vaunted, I cannot but consider it most fallacious and dangerous. That a real and sound interpreter of God's word must add, to a critical knowledge and complete familiarity with its language, the widest historical knowledge, the knowledge of the opinions, pursuits, and customs of the Jewish, and indeed of the Greek and Roman nations; that, in examining the words and phrases of Scripture, the peculiar opinions and habits of thought existing at the time of the writer, and likely to influence his style, must be in-

investigated, is most true; but this is not the peculiar merit of the Rationalists: this is the old and sound grammatical interpretation which was used by critics far, very far, superior to any one of them, and long before the existence of their school, and which will be used by future critics when that school, its follies, and its mischief, have passed away and are forgotten. What is *peculiar to them* is this; that, in interpreting the New Testament, their first business is always, not to examine the words, but to investigate the *disposition and character* of the writer and his *knowledge* of religion, the *opinions of his age* on that subject, and finally, the *nature* of what he delivers. From these, and *not from the words*, they seek the sense of Christ's and his followers' discourses: and they examine the words by *these previous notions*, and *not by grammatical methods*. They seek for all which Christ said, in the notions held by the Jews in his time; and contend that those are the points first to be studied by an interpreter. They seek thence to explain the history, the dogmatical part of the New Testament, nay, those very discourses of Christ in which he delivers points of faith and morals; and thus to enquire, not what the Founder of our religion and his disciples *really thought or said*, in each passage and in each sentence, regularly explained on acknowledged rules of interpretation, but what they *might have said* and *ought to have said*, according to the opinions of the times and their own knowledge of religion; not what Christ really meant in such or such a discourse, but how the Jews ought to have understood it; not *what* the apostles wrote, but *whether* what they wrote is true, according to right reason; not what they actually taught, but what they must have taught from the limits of their own minds and the state of men and things in their days; and lastly, what they would have taught in other times and to other men. This is the Rationalist's style of interpreting scripture; a style which no commentator even on profane writers would ever dream of adopting.—The worst specimens of this style are not, I believe, in common use among us; but the student should remember, that there is something of this spirit even in Schleusner, a larger portion in Rosenmüller, and that Kuinöl at least perpetually details the wildest dreams of some of the wildest of this school.' pp. 67—70.

This concise and just statement is (from the words 'What is peculiar to them,' and with the exception of the last sentence) little more than a translation from the venerable Dr. C. C. Tittmann's Preface to his *Meletemata Sacra*, pp. xiii. xiv., published at Leipzig in 1816. The passage, in that able writer, is followed up by an ample exposure of the *preposterous, delusive, and pernicious* character of the whole theory. Mr. Rose might have said, that these pretended interpreters do not all set up as the idol to be dominant, that 'which they think ought to be the Christian system;' for many of them seem to have no system at all in their minds, to be intent only on pulling down, to have no notions of religion, doctrinal or practical,

but a bundle of negative ideas. In addition to his just remark, that what he first describes is 'the old and sound grammatical interpretation,' we deem it a duty to say, that the whole compass of interpretative theology does not present a more illustrious example of this method of faithful investigation, than is to be found in the Commentaries of CALVIN. The astonishing sagacity of that Reformer, the clearness of his habits of thinking, his orderly disposal of materials, his early studies in jurisprudence, and above all, the eminent gifts of Divine grace which shone in him, rendered him pre-eminent as a solid, luminous, impartial, and *truly rational* interpreter. This praise has been conceded by persons who were far removed from his theological sentiments. We beg also to interpose a suggestion relative to the persons mentioned in the last sentence from Mr. Rose. The excess of caution is the safer side, but the statement is too loosely made. We think much better of Schleusner than to give him over to the Neologists; and we believe that Mr. Rose would be equally unwilling to do so. Can any person of sensibility read his Preface to his last work (*Lexicon in LXX.*), without receiving a strong impression of his integrity, humility, candour, and we hope that we may add piety too? Mr. R. should have told us whether he means both the Rosenmüllers, or only the sons. The observation is, in but a slight degree, applicable to the father. His *Scholia* on the New Testament are a very useful compilation from Grotius and other Arminian commentators, and from the German writers of moderate principles, whose paragraphs are copied abundantly without acknowledgement. With regard to the Son, we are glad of this opportunity to state, that, in the recent edition of his *Scholia* on the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and Isaiah, and in his new works on Jeremiah and the other prophets, he has made some important retractions of his former opinions, and has advanced sentiments which will, we hope, for ever separate him from the Neologist divines. The statement relative to Kuinöl is unfair. Mr. R. should not have omitted to mention that, though he does indeed state the interpretation of the anti-supernaturalist school, he renders his readers an important service in so doing, as he adduces arguments on the other side for the satisfactory establishment of the truth, though not always, we confess, with so much life and earnestness as we could wish. Neither has he dealt quite righteously with Kuinöl in p. 178, where he brings charges in reference to Mat. i. 18, without the least intimation that, in the prior part of the Annotation, the true doctrine is firmly maintained: and, with regard to the other instances, we humbly conceive that Mr. R. has read the passages superficially, or has been too hasty

in his censures. These friendly remonstrances, justice compels us to make, though we are far from approving of all that Kuinöl says, or of his manner of saying it.

It is obvious, that the most false and dangerous notions upon the INSPIRATION of the Scriptures lie at the basis of the Neologistic theory. These, in their wild variety, inconsistency, and audacity, Mr. Rose has briefly described; but we wish he had treated the subject at greater extent and with more of close examination and accuracy. The testimony of the scriptural writers themselves, is our only source of evidence on this cardinal point. That testimony is admissible, and comes with its full force, as soon as their perfect integrity and credibility are established by that grand body of proof which has been so often and so triumphantly laid before the world by authors on the Evidences of Revelation; and that testimony is most decisive, to the solemn affirmation, that what they wrote and spake, was "the wisdom of God,"—"the hidden wisdom,"—revealed unto them by His Spirit,—"the mind of Christ,"—"the words which the Holy Spirit taught,"—"the commandments of the Lord;"—so that "he who despiseth, despiseth not man, but God." We are happy, however, to receive from Mr. R. the following abstract of a paragraph in a review article by the illustrious ERNESTI; whom it would be well if those who admire as a scholar, would listen to as a divine.

'He says, that, however we may be content to depend on human writers in human matters, yet, in divine ones, containing rules of life and faith, and written by men unused to composition, not possessing the ability which would enable them perhaps to explain themselves with the necessary clearness, or to express themselves so that the readers should think of *nothing more nor less nor other* than they did, and not writing in a language which they had learned by rule, we cannot be content to depend on mere human strength. For it is harder to write accurately than to think rightly; a truth very conspicuous in the writings of philosophers, who so often fail to express their own meaning with accuracy. He concludes that, *in the actual writing*, the apostles were therefore assisted by the Holy Spirit, the choice and order of matter pointed out, and the necessary accuracy and certainty given; and that, otherwise, their writings could not properly be proposed as a rule of faith and life.' p. 124.

We have already protested against the mistake (*fundamental and dangerous*, we must call it, because it makes human authority the ground of faith in Divine truths,) which runs through Mr. R.'s book; that the effectual way of preserving a community of Christians, and, by necessary consequence, all and singular the individuals composing that community, from error in the most important of all concerns, is *subscription to declarations of faith as the Church's unalterable opinions.* (p. 22

& 119). He also goes so far as to intimate not obscurely, (p. 23.) that, *by this method*, the ministers and professors of religion may enjoy a CERTAINTY that they possess the 'genuine form' of truth; 'such a certainty as excludes doubt, as 'leaves us no room and no tendency to question.' (p. 23.) Every man must perceive that this is a topic of the very highest importance; and upon it we are compelled to be at issue with Mr. Rose. But while, as Christians, Protestants, and men of common sense, we cannot but see the perfect nullity of all attempts to set up ANY *human authority* for deciding the interpretation of the Scriptures and determining controversies in religion; we are equally, on the other hand, aware of the danger of perpetual doubt in relation to our most pressing interests for this life and for the dread eternity on which we are entering. Scepticism is the handmaid to infidelity, and is utterly irreconcilable with the existence and exercise of that FAITH which the New Testament constantly describes as a mental quality, a personal possession, belonging to all true Christians. We meet the difficulty by saying, that there is "a more excellent way;"—there is a ground of *moral certainty*, which involves no absurdity, which warrants no intolerance, which gives ascendancy to no human pride, which flatters no party or order of men, which the most illiterate of sincere Christians may and does enjoy, and for which the richest in talent and learning can find no substitute:—we will express it in the words of the Divine Author of our religion: "My doctrine is not mine, but His who sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." This is the principle which alone can produce a rational and solid satisfaction, a *certainty* which will stand the test of the most rigorous examination. It is true, that this practical experience of the vitality and power of religion is an evidence, in the complete sense, only to the person possessing it. As the evidence of the bodily senses cannot be communicated to another person in whom the proper organ is wanting or is vitiated, so, this "demonstration of the Spirit and of power" is incapable of being transferred into any breast where dwells not that *moral sensibility* which produces a sincere surrendering of the whole soul to the proper influence of religion. And this is a circumstance immensely to its recommendation; for its range is thus shewn to be only spiritual, its production to be only by methods operating on man's intellectual and moral capacities, so that, consequently, no room is left (without the grossest inconsistency) for the use of force, worldly interest, sinister inducements, or any other of the foul machines of intolerance. Experience also proves, that the

operation of this principle, when furthest removed from all unhallowed control, has a power unknown to all human contrivances, to produce kindness, forbearance, meekness, and mutual esteem among genuine and practical Christians, annihilating the most important differences, softening asperities, destroying the very root of intolerance, and enabling all to keep the unity of the "Spirit in the bond of peace,"* On this momentous subject, we shall add only a few words from the great scholar above mentioned. 'It hath pleased the wisdom and mercy of God, to commit this work of persuasion 'to the Holy Spirit and his Divine testimony, than which 'nothing can be imagined more efficacious for the purpose. 'As, at the first promulgation of Christianity, that Holy 'Spirit gave to the doctrine of Jesus the testimony of truth 'and Divine authority, and thus brought vast multitudes of 'men to the faith of Christ; so, in all following time, he has 'ever been the Witness of heavenly truth in the word of God, 'to the minds of men, banishing every ground of doubt.— 'Although this blessing, through the prevenient grace of God, 'is often bestowed on those who thought not of it; yet, the 'duty should never be neglected,—when we take up the holy 'Scriptures for religious purposes,—of intreating by earnest 'prayer, that God would grant this influence on our souls, by 'the power of his Spirit, thus leading us to faith, or strengthening the faith already received, and making it abundantly 'efficacious to holiness.'†

It is time that we should return to the German translation of Mr. Rose's volume. It appears to have been executed by a person of ability, and not slightly informed on the subjects which he was laying before his countrymen. He has added a Preface and numerous Notes; but some of the latter have been communicated to him by his friends, and are distinguished by signatures different from his own. We shall select some passages, which appear to us the most interesting, either as shewing the manner in which those who have the best means of information, view Mr. Rose's assertions and reasonings, or as throwing light upon the general subject.

* We here present the translation of a book, which contains heavy

* Our conviction of the importance of these sentiments must be our apology for referring to a fuller investigation of them, in Dr. Smith's *Discourse "On the Means of obtaining Satisfaction with regard to the Truth of Religious Sentiments;"* reviewed in Vol. XIX. of our New Series, p. 175; February, 1823.

† *J. A. Ernesti Opuscula Theologica*; p. 611, 613; Lips. 1792.

complaints against the German divines and against the Protestant Church in Germany, which, if they were well-founded, could not but occasion deep grief to every German. Before a celebrated English University, before the whole British public, this Author accuses Protestant divines, in part of infidelity towards the Christian religion, and in part of perverting and deforming it; he accuses them of rationalist principles, which, in his eyes, are not much better than atheism; and he attacks the most learned, judicious, and upright men of our country, with an ardency which might sometimes provoke a laugh, if it did not refer to a subject of such high importance as the Christian-religion. The point in question is, Ought the sacred records to be interpreted, according to the fixed principles of grammar and history, or according to a previously formed system of doctrine? The Author determines in favour of the latter course of proceeding, and condemns the former, though it appears to be the only course that is just and reasonable. He is of the opinion, that churches should be confined within very strait limits, that faith should be defended by the arm of power, and that not a letter in [the public confessions of] it should be altered. Whatever that authority prescribes, is Christian truth, and must be resolutely maintained. It gives him little or no concern, that the powers of the human mind are ever advancing, that observation and intelligence are continually increasing, that the desire of knowledge is augmenting, and that many opinions, which formerly were regarded as truths that could never be disputed, are now discovered to be errors and superstitions. From the improved knowledge of languages, from more extensive and judicious views of history, and from the study of philosophy, as it has been excited in Germany by the critical system of Kant, it was a necessary consequence, that a more correct method of interpreting the records of our holy religion should become prevalent: and, if here and there an individual has gone beyond the bounds of reason, grammar, and history, his error is soon corrected by other critical interpreters, who are still cautiously proceeding in the same prescribed path.

* The design, in giving to the public a translation of this book, (which, on account of the style of the Author, who is fond of very long periods, and does not always appear to have clear ideas, or intelligibly to express them, or know how to repeat them in few words, is no easy business,) is to awaken the attention of Protestant divines to the mass of accusations which an English divine has brought against them before the numerous members of his University; and thus to induce some of them, who, to habits of reflection and ability in writing, unite a solid acquaintance with the languages of the Old and New Testament, and with ancient languages generally, and who likewise are accurately acquainted with the spirit of our theological literature, that they may bring forwards, according to the strictest truth, an exhibition of the present state of the Protestant religion, and may put to silence the frivolous or ignorant accusers of our divines and philosophers, or at least give them some matter for reflection. Doctrines are known by their fruits: and who, in this

respect, would place the German nation at the same point of the scale as the English, though the latter, from the freedom of its political constitution, possesses much more encouragement to the improvement of the mind, and to a rational and excellent course of conduct?" Pref. p. iii.—vi.

'This publication must have excited great attention in England. The obligation therefore lies the more strongly on the divines of Germany, to justify themselves against these accusations, and to shew that they are either groundless or made up of partial and defective information. To give to truth and reason the honours which belong to them, is to maintain the cause of God and man upon this earth.' p. x.

In this Preface is introduced the following curious article, from the celebrated journal *Die Allgemeine Zeitung*, which has long had much of an infidel tincture. It professes to be a letter from London.

'An English clergyman, Hugh Rose, who has travelled in Germany as a scholar and a collector, has published some sermons, preached before the University of Cambridge, on the State of the Protestant Church in Germany, and furnished with numerous Notes, in which he describes the Rationalists of Heidelberg, Berlin, Göttingen, and Weimar, to the great alarm and offence of our orthodox churchmen. But, notwithstanding all this, Schleiermacher's Gospel of John has just been translated here. It cannot admit of a doubt, that the deadening formalism of the English Episcopal Liturgy; the lightmindedness with which any man, who has but the external means, may, without any very strict examination, get a good church-living; the entire neglect of a course of education adapted to the clerical order, in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge (though the latter possesses the merit of a stricter system and a more liberal spirit); the affectation of Sunday-constraint; and the constitutional torpidness which wraps itself in the old forms and the 39 Articles; are making the separation between the Dissenters and the High Church wider every day, and filling the chapels of the heart-warming followers of Wesley and the indefatigable Methodists with their hundreds of Missionary and Bible Societies: while the Episcopal churches are attended with reluctance and merely out of custom. Be it also observed, that Rose himself cannot find words strong enough to commend the profound learning of the Germans, and the excellence of many of their theological writings.' [Here the correspondent who transmitted the letter, makes this note:] 'It is most devoutly to be wished, that a book, lately published at Essen [in Westphalia] might be universally read; *Communications from Holland and England on the subject of Liturgies, with relation to the New Prussian Service-Book*. The Author, Mr. Fliedner, a pious but truly liberal clergyman in the district of Dusseldorf, speaks as an eye-witness upon the incredible decline of the Episcopal Church and Liturgy in England. Heaven preserve the Service-Book, if it be like the English one!' pp. ix, x.

If the flippant writer of this letter had taken such pains of investigation as Germans generally employ, he would not have crowded so many blunders together as he has here done, and which are quite of a piece with his not knowing even the subject of Schleiermacher's book. Dissenters as we are, we rejoice to tell the men of Germany, if any of them ever look into our pages, that the Church of England was never adorned with a larger number of pious, popular, and useful ministers than she is at this moment; that her assemblies, *where such clergymen officiate*, never were more, nor perhaps equally crowded; that never has her Liturgy been held in higher honour, not from ignorant superstition, but from the increase of truly devout and intelligent worshippers in her communion; and that all this is without any invasion of the liberties, or subtraction from the usefulness of Dissenters and Methodists. As for Mr. Fliedner, his opportunities of observation must have been partial and defective. The wrong conclusions of his *eye-witnessing* might read a good lecture to Mr. Rose and some others, upon the extreme difficulty which lies in the way of even well-meaning and inquisitive men, seeking to acquire correct knowledge upon the state of religious communities by travelling or transient visiting in a foreign country.

There is scarcely any subject on which more carefulness of thought and more precision of language are needful, than that of the duty and province of *Reason*, and the exercise of the power of *comprehension*, with regard to the objects of revealed religion. *Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra*. To a passage of Mr. Rose (pp. 3, 4.) in which he sadly lays himself open on this quarter, his Translator subjoins the following note; which, if rightly understood, and if a guarded definition were given to the term *comprehending*, we cannot but think just and excellent: at least, it may teach us some useful lessons.

'If the English, or if this Author in particular, were as well acquainted with the investigations of Reason as many are in Germany, they would, in this matter, take quite a different course. It should first be settled, *what Reason is*, what are the *extent* of its powers, and in what *relation* it stands to the other faculties of the human mind; for instance, the Understanding and the Will. It is only by a critical process, of which Reason must be the active principle, that we can arrive at a clear understanding and a satisfactory determination of the important inquiries which refer to Religion and Faith resting on Revelation. The voluntary faculties cannot procure reception into the mind, of any thing of a moral nature, unless it has been evidenced through the exercise of the rational faculties: and true Religion is nothing but the entire sum of all the moral precepts of reason, with relation to God considered as the Supreme Lawgiver,

the Being of infinite holiness, and the righteous Ruler of the universe. What reason cannot comprehend, it is capable of assigning the rational grounds why it cannot: but it can comprehend every thing, of which the knowledge and practice are necessary to man, and connected with his salvation. But the philosophical line of investigation must be very carefully distinguished from the historical.'

Mr. Rose, we have seen, ascribes 'the blessing' of the Church of England being free (as he assumes) from errors in matters of faith, 'to the controlling form of our peculiar system of Church-government, and the binding power of the Articles which guide our faith, and the Liturgy which directs our devotion.' Upon this most unfortunate passage, the spirit of which, however, runs through the whole work, the Translator makes these pungent observations.

'To this encomium on the constitution of the English Church, a crowd of very serious objections may be made, to which both the system itself and its effects give but too much occasion. That system totally mistakes the nature of religion in its most general sense, and of Christianity in particular; and it produces bigotry, sanctimonious shew, intolerance, the lust of domination, and all those evils which are the necessary consequences of compulsory establishments in a country where, from other causes, the spirit of freedom has the ascendancy in both thought and action. Why are so many persons in England every year separating from the Established Church? What does the ever increasing number of Dissenters shew? And why are the most sagacious and upright English patriots opposed to the ecclesiastical form? The dominancy of any church is an impediment to the interests of religion, as it always resists reformation and improvement. And what is the state of morality and genuine piety among the lower classes of the people in England, who belong to the dominant church? The judicious constitution of a church has nothing in view but the advancement of virtue and piety towards God, the enlightening of the understanding and the moral improvement of the heart, by means of religious instruction: but is this the case in England? Who set themselves with the greatest pertinacity against the correction of the numerous abuses in church and state, in that country? Is it not the higher orders of the clergy?'

In the translation, (p. 63.) we find a note, referring to the English page 48., which appears to us to be little more than a naked avowal of Deism; for, though it recognizes the fact of a positive revelation, it denies its importance, and almost its utility. If the Writer may be considered as declaring the sentiments of the persons whom he is plainly enough anxious to defend, *the question is decided*. It is idle to fence and parry with Mr. Rose about little, or even great inaccuracies of statement: *he has triumphantly gained his cause*, by the very confession of the opposite advocate. Is it possible that this writer, or any of

his party, can attribute to their Natural Religion the production of genuine *Gottseligkeit*—(a most expressive word denoting the derivation of holy blessedness from the Adorable God) *godliness*? Or is not this language the mask of deception, habitually worn by some of the Neologists, to impose upon those around them who look only at words? Is it not a cover for the sentiment quoted by the Baron von Bulow from the '*Hours of Devotion*?' 'The Jew, who cries with devotion in his synagogue to the God of his fathers; the Turk, who, according to the doctrine of his supposed prophet, in the mosques of the east, bends his forehead to the dust before the Omnipresent; the ignorant heathen, who, for want of better instruction, elevates his hands to an idol, at the same time that he fervently prays to the corruptible dust; he does not the less direct his prayer to the Most High God: then they are all sacred to me: they have all one God, to whom they cry, Allab, Abba, Father! They look with me, with tranquil expectation, to the same eternity.*'

The note in question is as follows:

'Is not Natural Religion, which arises from the exercise of reason upon human nature and external objects, also a Divine revelation? And does it not inculcate every thing that men want to make them good men? Natural Religion lays down our duties to ourselves, our neighbours, and God, as the Christian Religion does; and the peculiar characters of the latter are some mysteries, which may indeed have a considerable value in experimental religion, but are not essentially requisite to genuine godliness. A complete view of the philosophical or moral religion may be found in the following lately published work, by Dr. Heinichen: *A Representation of Natural Religion; with an Appendix on Rationalism and Supernaturalism, on Modern Mysticism, &c. for the use of all who love and value Truth, Honesty, and Virtue, and to whom God and mankind are dear.* Leipzig, 1825. The Author of the Discourses has an altogether false conception of what Natural Religion is.'

Mr. Rose has said, 'If man must err, if he will not be content with the religion of Christ as Christ taught it, far, far better for him is it, to believe too much, than too little.' The condition in this remark appears to render the whole nugatory; for what professor of Christianity (unless it were an unflinching Roman Catholic) would allow that condition to involve himself? All are, or profess to be, 'content with the religion of Christ as Christ taught it;' and to attain this for themselves, and to communicate it to all around them, is the sum of their wishes. But let us hear the acute Translator.

* Seventh Report of the Continental Society, 1825. p. 36.

'The *too much* and the *too little* in believing, signify nothing. What we believe, ought to be something which avails to the moral improvement of the heart, and thus be necessary to eternal salvation. Consequently, it is not indifferent *what* and *how much* men believe. Believing too much, oppresses the understanding, and leads to superstition. What we believe, must be substantiated by evidence; or else it will become the parent of a mass of error under the name of faith; and this will lend its aid, in some cases to superstition, and in others to infidelity. Believing [or faith] is a *holding something to be true*, upon subjective grounds apprehended to be sufficient; and it is either an historical or a moral faith. The former rests upon external matters of fact: and, as also the Christian religion depends upon the historical faith, the facts of which must be established by proof, the latter [i. e. the moral faith] cannot be at variance with nor set aside the other, since it must equally contribute to the spiritual benefit of the soul, which is only another expression for the moral improvement of the heart.'

It is, we believe, an undeniable fact, that some persons in Switzerland and Germany, aroused to a serious consideration of their relations to God and eternity, and having been repulsed, scorned, and disgusted, in their solemn inquiries, by the Neological infidelity of Protestant clergymen, have fled for relief and consolation to the Papal communion. This may well have taken place where the sublime piety of Count Stohberg has been made known; or where such Catholic clergymen as Boos, Gosner, Lindel, and Van Ess have been, with apostolic light and unction, "testifying the gospel of the grace of God." In reference to these facts, Mr. Rose says:

'It is on record, that some sought, in the bosom of a Church which, in the midst of all its dreadful corruptions, at least possessed the form and retained the leading doctrines of a true church, the peace which they sought in vain amid the endless variations of the Protestant Churches of Germany, and their gradual renunciation of every doctrine of Christianity.' p. 101.

Upon this passage, the German version has the following Note, not by the Translator, but by one of his contributors.

'The transition from one religion to another, is a step which requires the deepest consideration, and which those who take, seldom reflect upon sufficiently. The first and most important consideration for every man, in this matter, is the inquiry after TRUTH. This is what every man is bound to seek, and to lay as the basis of his religion and his religious convictions. The Christian religion is founded upon the New Testament; from it, therefore, must be ascertained, by means of Exegesis [the grammatical explanation of the sacred text], history, and philosophy, *what* is Christian truth, *what* Jesus taught, and *what* conduces to the spiritual benefit of the soul. Protestants acknowledge these data, and lay them as the foundation of

their religious belief. No faith-dictator is allowed to dogmatize over them. No man is allowed to prescribe to them any thing, as a matter of doctrine or object of faith, which is not contained in the New Testament, and deduced from it by upright and well-founded interpretation. The man in whose elevated mind truth and integrity outweigh all other considerations, can reflect with understanding upon the faith which is contained in the books of the New Testament: but is it credible, that such a man will renounce his Bible, surrender himself to the pretensions of tradition, acknowledge a sovereign faith-dictator and supreme head of the church as an infallible interpreter? Can he look upon the saints as mediators, and turn preachers into priests? Is it pure, unmingled truth, and nothing else, whose influence leads to Rome? Or is it self-interest, fanaticism, a perversion of common sense, for the purpose of suppressing the exercise of reason? The true and genuine faith is the Christian, as it is derived from the New Testament by fair and honest scripture-criticism: and the person who seeks, and finds in this faith only, true satisfaction, can never go over to a church which, among its very first pretensions, claims authority over the very senses of men, and oppresses their reason, which makes no indispensable requirement of holy conduct and genuine virtue, and which, by making men the slaves of toilsome ceremonies, robs them of half their worth. Truth and pure morality are the end of true religion, as taught by Christ and leading to eternal salvation.'

In reply to the charges of neglect of the Bible, forsaking public worship, and general indifference to religion, the Translator and one of his friends make the following remarks.

' This is overstated. At least in Saxony and some parts of Prussia, scarcely a family is to be found which has not a Bible, and which does not read it.—We know a town of 41,000 inhabitants, where the communicants yearly amount to 30,000.—Persons often talk of indifference to religion, where sensible observers perceive the direct contrary. Veneration for the holy, righteous, and gracious One in heaven, and for the moral law, is so deeply rooted in every breast, works in so lively a manner, and is so closely present to the feelings, that every man, if he does not bow his knees before God the Upholder of all things, yet must turn his spirit with devotion towards Him. Is any good object to be accomplished? How many step forwards, privately or publicly, to support it! How many benevolent institutions meet the wants of the distressed; and how willingly is relief afforded where it is wanted! If, by indifference to religion, be meant a neglect of attendance on public worship, this charge is not well-founded in many populous places. If a preacher distinguishes himself by an eloquent and lively delivery, and by declaring the genuine truths of religion, the churches cannot contain the hearers, and hundreds are obliged to go away.—The truth is, that people who are very neglectful of the duties of their own proper station, are the principal complainers of the decline of religion: but a good man takes delight in performing the whole circle of his duty,

and leaves the rest to God, in whose hand all events lie. On these accounts, one may regard Germany, particularly the Protestant part of it, as a land rich in the religious spirit, and shining gloriously in all that is true, and good, and just.' pp. 173, 176.

Here are bold claims put forth to the possession of *religion*, in the most pure and elevated form of it, yet, made in an utter defiance of its very essence and principle! The word of everlasting truth assures us, that, among mankind, and even among those who outwardly belong to a Christian church, "some hold a disavowal of God,—*no God* is the summary of all their thoughts; they approve not to hold God in acknowledgement; their state of mind is enmity against God."* But, according to this arguer, *every* man has both the principle and the exercise of religion; all liars, blasphemers, sensualists, thieves, and murderers, have veneration for God and his law rooted deeply within them, and habitually pay to him an affectionate devotion! And this, we are thus given to understand, is the doctrine of Neologism.—*Horrendam rabiem! Jam desine.*—O that the infinite mercy of the insulted Redeemer may pluck "as a brand out of the fire," the teachers and the taught!

It was with good reason that Lessing, (the editor of the celebrated Wolfenbuttel Fragments, of which, says the Translator of Mr. Rose, 'it is now regarded as quite certain, that the 'elder Reimarus was the author,') himself too probably an infidel, treated with perfect disdain those theologians of his time, who, in the reign of the atheistic Frederic, were essaying to transform Christianity into something which might be congenial with their own carnal minds, and less revolting, as they vainly imagined, to the cold scorers above them. They were the beginners of Neologism: and with their incoherent schemes, Lessing declared himself to be perfectly disgusted, while he professed the highest admiration for the grandeur and harmony of the orthodox faith. For the knowledge of this fact, we are indebted to the admirable Dissertation which stands third at the head of this article. It was published on occasion of the measures which were in preparation, under the all-meddling hand of the French Government, for the appointment of Professors in the Protestant College of Montauban, to the chairs of Theology and Ecclesiastical History, vacant by death. On this occasion, the Editors of the *Archives du Christianisme* expressed their earnest solicitude that the Consistories, with whom, subject to the royal approbation, the nomination lay, might feel the obligation of obtaining persons fit for situations which

* 1 Cor. xv. 34, Ps. x. 4, as translated by the younger Rosenmuller; Rom. i. 28; viii. 7.

would have so mighty an influence upon the best interests of the French Protestants; and who, 'from their talents, their attainments, their piety, the purity of their principles, and their attachment to the vital doctrines of the gospel,' would give a vivifying and holy impulse to the studies of theology in that institution, which, as things unhappily stand, must be the chief source of a supply of pastors to the churches in France. This most important crisis excited one of the best and most accomplished men in France, Monsieur P. A. Stapfer, the grand-nephew of the great Swiss divine, to publish these *Reflections*. We fear that the end, so devoutly desired and laboured for, was not obtained; but M. Stapfer's pages will ever remain a monument of piety and erudition, of deep penetration and comprehensive judgement, and a lesson of wisdom to future and happier generations. This gentleman, the pupil and the intimate friend of Eichhorn, has, from his youth up, been perfectly familiar with the wide extent of German Theological Literature; he is as profoundly versed in all ancient and modern erudition that bears a reference to the Bible and its interpretation, and to the different systems and hypotheses of doctrinal divinity; he is a man of the finest taste and of a most philosophical mind; he is firmly attached to the purity of evangelical truth and its practical influence; and, from the high situations in which he has been placed, in relation to the Protestant interest and the proceedings of different Governments, during the last thirty years, he is qualified, far above most men, whether scholars, or divines, or diplomatists, for penetrating into the depths of character, discerning the minutest phenomena in the current of affairs, and uncovering the most latent causes which affect human society.

The length to which we have been carried, much beyond our first intention, upon this fertile subject, forbids our enlarging, as we could have wished, upon M. Stapfer's Dissertation. We can attempt only a short analysis and a few brief citations. The laying down of his subject leads this admirable writer to draw a picture of the *qualifications* which ought to be found in a Professor of Divinity. Besides extensive knowledge, a truly philosophical *mind* is required; not that which rules in men of secondary and imitative genius, which ignorantly exaggerates the abundance and the extent of its own resources, which dreams of having deduced from the laws of human nature, principles opposed to the vital doctrines of Christianity; not that of men whose souls can survey only a special part of the field of knowledge; who can raise doubts and transfix themselves on difficulties, but have not strength of head to reconcile, to harmonize, to bring together truths from opposite regions, to

see their symmetry, and to construct with them a fair and noble edifice; but the mind which loses sight of none of the aspects, the springs of action, the necessities, the destinies of human nature, and its relations with the infinitely holy system of supreme legislation. He next considers the courses of reading most suitable for attaining a large and solid acquaintance with Bible interpretation, and with the sources, the arrangements, and the communication of Divine knowledge. He laments the penury of the French theological literature; he characterizes and honours the English; but he dwells upon the peculiar weight and influence of the modern German school. He passes at once to the class of Neologists, who have raised up old errors under novel forms; who represent all the essential doctrines of Christianity as the symbolical coverings of truths discoverable by mere reason, as transitory forms of statement, invented or borrowed to conciliate attention to simple truths, as dogmas of indulgence to the childhood of the human race, as accommodations to national prejudice, as decorations of oriental fancy, or as beautiful mythic tablets. He characterizes some of the principal writers of this description, the imposing dress of whose system was brought into fashion by the schools of Semler and Heyne, recommended by the learning and talents of Eichhorn and Paulus, and which has at length become the object of a luminous discussion, bringing all its principles, historical and philological, metaphysical and imaginary, to an examination, from the death-blow inflicted by which it can never revive.

‘While the illustrious school of STORR has been following out and destroying, one after another, all the sophisms of this system, all its rash fictions, all its gratuitous combinations, the very character of which renders them totally inadmissible in solid Exegesis; some profound thinkers (Schelling, Plouquet, Cöttinger, Hegel, Bilfinger, C. G. Schmid, Bockshammer, &c. chiefly of the kingdom of Würtemberg and from the University of Tübingen,) have been proving to even the most prejudiced minds the doctrine of a miraculous revelation, and displaying, with new evidence, its intimate and perfect connexion with the great designs of human existence, and the sublimest sentiments of the Deity.’ .. ‘Eichhorn’s *Introduction to the Old Testament* was written with the design of applying the principles of the school of Heyne, (so happily employed in illustrating some parts of the Grecian mythology, and the origin of many historical traditions of classical antiquity,) sometimes openly, sometimes more covertly, to all the moral phenomena and miraculous events of the Hebrew Scriptures. Every thing is squared to human proportions; and that with such art and shew of erudition as to effect a stealing away from the reader’s attention of the frail foundation which supports, and the purely conjectural nature of the materials which form,

the chief parts of this vast structure.—In Germany, a multitude of works have appeared, which search his hypotheses to the bottom, and turn the results of his researches completely upon himself. Jahn, Meyer, Kelle, the pupils of Storr, (in various Dissertations published by Flatt, Suskind, and Bengel, in their *Periodical Collections*, 1792 to 1824,) have not left a single one of Eichhorn's bold assertions without an impartial and solid examination.—Eichhorn had the ascendant from 1790 to 1807.—Since that time, his writings have found a counterpoise, and may therefore be read with advantage in the country where the controlling works are at the student's side.—Gesenius now rules in Hebrew literature; and he has proved Eichhorn to have been the dupe of his own imagination, and to have thought himself excused from bringing reasons for his opinions that would stand the test of sound criticism.—Numerous authors of the first order (I mention only Krummacher, Lücke, De Meyer of Frankfurt, Tholuck of Berlin, Winer of Leipzig,) have not only shewn the deepest grief at the profane way in which some celebrated commentators have treated the sacred books, but, in their own exegetical works, they have given examples of the holy reverence which becomes a Bible-interpreter. Tholuck in particular, in his spirited *Defence of the Study of the Old Testament*, has proved, by arguments drawn from a profound knowledge, both of the Hebrew code and of the genius of the Oriental nations, that JESUS CHRIST is the centre, the key, the solution of the annals and institutions of Israel.

We must cut short our citations. M. Stapfer goes on to affirm the fact of a *decided and widely spreading change*, among the theologians and scholars of Germany, to an humble submission to the gospel. We may mention, that the German Translator of Mr. Rose acknowledges this fact, (p. 107,) but presumes to impugn the motives of those once distinguished advocates of false rationalism, who have, as he expresses it, 'thrown themselves into the arms of historical faith, or of fanaticism, or of mysticism.'—M. Stapfer, following the peculiar turn of his mind for the most penetrating research into the philosophy of moral causes, goes into a train of rich discussion on the modern history of German theological opinions. Our limits forbid following him. In the close, he gives a *wise caution against the extreme* to which revulsion may carry the new generation; an eagerness to believe, a partiality which at the long run brings suspicion, or an accumulating of arguments without rigorously attending to their solidity. He lays down the gratifying fact, that, on the Continent, there is a very perceptible increase of men of letters and science, who maintain the Divine authority of Christianity, and openly profess its distinguishing sentiments. He gives instances, with justificatory citations: Müller, the most learned historian of modern times; Creutzer, the antiquary; Köppen, the meta-

physician; Heinroth, the great physiologist. Schleiermacher himself has laboured to shew, that the way in which he understands the work of Christ in the spiritual deliverance of man, is something more than a moral melioration produced by the purity of his doctrine and the superiority of his example; and he protests against assimilating Jesus to any other benefactors of mankind. Kaiser, Ammon, and De Wette have clearly renounced the self-styled rationalism. The philosophy of Kant, (on which Mr. Rose, in his Preface, passes a splendid eulogy,) by the results of its analysis of the human faculties, has become a most powerful auxiliary to the highest religious truths. M. Stapfer then expatiates, in a tone of elevated piety, on the moral tendency of the scriptural doctrines of redemption, grace, and Divine influence, the person of the Saviour, and the power of the Sanctifier.

Happy shall we be, if our imperfect sketch of the topics treated in this admirable Disquisition should induce many on this side the Channel to become readers of the Journal in which it was published, and to pay attention to the interesting progress of Religious Literature in France. The number and the excellence of the works now issuing from the Protestant body in that country and in Switzerland, call for the admiration and the devout gratitude of all who love the gospel, and are concerned for the best interests of mankind.

We must close our citations, and conclude this article, with two passages from a Dutch pamphlet, by Mr. Da Costa, a Jew of an ancient Portuguese family, but a convert to the gospel of Jesus, a distinguished lawyer and poet: it is entitled "*The Sadducees*;" *Leyden*, 1824. For our knowledge of the book, we are indebted to the excellent magazine just mentioned, the *Archives du Christianisme*. This treatise is distributed into three parts: I. The Sadduceism of the ancient Jews. II. *That of the modern Neologists*. III. That which existed among the Arminians of the seventeenth century. The following quotations are from the second division.

* The bold and shameless impiety of the licentious freethinkers in the last century was unmasked; and its horrible results sealed its condemnation. Infidelity then took another banner, and put on a mask more hideous still. It has declined open violence, and has now recourse to dissimulation and stratagem. By means of a crafty and sophistical criticism, it has charged itself with the enterprise of twisting and unnerving the holy truths of the gospel: it has strained itself to the utmost, to make religious teaching the destroyer of religion, to attack the Bible by explaining it, to drive Christ out of Christianity and the Holy Spirit out of the Holy Scriptures. And this is *Neologism*! The

bastard, born of the adulterous union of false philosophy with the dead letter of the Bible !—

* No : the gospel of prophets and apostles, the gospel which the warm-hearted Peter preached, and the sublime Paul, and the celestial John, is not a system destined merely to reform, polish, and civilize mankind. It is the power of God, for the reconciling and regenerating of the lost sons of Adam : it is divine strength, to draw them out of the depth of corruption and selfishness, and make them new creatures, pleasing in the sight of God. It is not a bare system of morality, but a perfect plan of education for heaven. The God whom the gospel proclaims, is not an imaginary divinity, feigned and figured by reason, ever insufficient and powerless in divine things ; but He is the Being eternal, majestic, incomprehensible, whose holiness and justice can be appeased only by his infinite love and mercy. The Unity of the God whom the Moses and the Davids and the Elijahs, whom the Peters and the Johns and the Pauls, confessed and defended against the idolatry of the nations, is not a unity of man's arithmetic, an idea of man's mind, vague and indeterminate, petty and diminishing ; but it is a Unity of Essence, manifested in Three Persons, the FATHER, the SON, and the HOLY SPIRIT, into whose name we are baptized. Jesus Christ the crucified, he whom Paul made the only object of his faith and knowledge, is not the sage of Nazareth only, the best of men, the founder of a new religion, the patient martyr to seal the truth of his doctrine. No : Jesus Christ the crucified is the Only-Begotten Son of God, by whom all things were created, visible and invisible. It is by a mystery sublime and impenetrable, that the Word became flesh, who was with God, and was God, God over all things, blessed for ever. He is the True One, who, being in the form of God, emptied himself and became obedient to the death of the cross, that we might obtain by his blood redemption, even the forgiveness of our sins ; that we, who could never have been saved and justified by the law, (that is, by such a perfect moral obedience as the justice of God requires of us, and of which we are from our birth morally incapable,) might obtain justification and eternal glory by faith in this Redeemer, after the likeness of whom we must be changed into new creatures. And all this is not of ourselves, but of pure grace, according to the election of God, who chose us in Christ before the foundation of the world, and who hath sealed us with his own image, by the power of his Holy Spirit. This Holy Spirit, who is God, produceth in us at once to will and to do, according to his good pleasure : so that we are indebted to the Holy Spirit expressly and peculiarly for our sanctification, as to the Son for our justification, and for our creation to the Father.

Art. II. *Narrative of a Survey of the Intertropical and Western Coasts of Australia.* Performed between the Years 1818 and 1822. By Captain Philip P. King, R.N. F.R.S., &c. With an Appendix. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1127. Plates and Charts. Price 1l. 16s. London, 1827.

ALTHOUGH New Holland cannot, perhaps, be considered as in itself a highly interesting country, there are connected with it circumstances of a nature to awake curiosity and to invite scientific investigation. In a geological view, it does not appear to present many very remarkable features; but its Flora is peculiarly rich, and the dense and intricate labyrinth of shoals and coral rocks that guards its eastern and northern shores, has no parallel in any other quarter of the globe. Respecting the interior, little is known beyond the circumstances ascertained by the expeditions of Mr. Oxley, who traced, in opposite directions, two considerable rivers, the Lachlan and the Macquarrie, up to their supposed sources in what appeared to be the shallow, reedy margins of extensive lakes. The coast, in the greater portion of its outline, has now been accurately explored, chiefly by Flinders and King; although names of celebrity, both among English, French, and Dutch navigators, are connected with the discovery of particular tracts. Dampier, Cook, and Vancouver touched upon these shores, and each contributed something to the general knowledge of their character and position. Captain Flinders, whose career of examination was cut short by the unjustifiable and disgraceful conduct of General Decaen, governor of the Mauritius, effected a scientific survey of the southern, and a considerable part of the eastern coasts, together with those of the Gulf of Carpentaria. The French expedition, under Commodore Baudin, was wretchedly mismanaged; and as a considerable range of shore remained in a state of very imperfect definition, it was resolved by the British Government to carry on the investigation by the agency of Captain King, whose skill, intrepidity, and perseverance have fully justified the confidence thus reposed in him. His voyage will not demand from us any protracted discussion, nor shall we attempt the very uninteresting process of following him from port to port. The work offers no striking discoveries, and is not marked by any peculiar novelty; but it tells a plain tale in an unpretending way, communicating much valuable detail, diversified by a fair proportion of those hazards and vicissitudes which usually give attraction to nautical narrative.

The first voyage was made in the *Mermaid*, a teak-built cutter of 84 tons, with a crew of 19 men and boys, including

Boongaree, a native Australian, who had previously accompanied Captain Flinders. The survey of the north and north-west coasts was Captain King's primary object; and on the 22d of December 1817, he sailed for that purpose, preferring, under all circumstances, the route by Bass's Strait and the western coast, to the nearer and more obvious navigation by Torres Strait. While rounding Cape Leuwin, at the south-western extremity of Australia, symptoms of dysentery made their appearance, which, happily, subsided in a very short time, or the consequences, in the absence of all medical aid, might have been fatal to the expedition. On February 10, an anchor was lost, and two days afterwards another broke, leaving the vessel with only one on which any reliance could be placed. While exploring the groupe designated as Dampier's Archipelago, three natives were seen apparently wading across a strait that separated two islands; but, on a nearer approach, it was ascertained, that they were provided with a substitute for the more convenient methods of civilized navigation, which we shall describe in Captain King's own words.

'It appears that the only vehicle, by which these savages transport their families and chattels across the water, is a log of wood. That which we had brought alongside.....was made of the stem of a mangrove tree; but, as it was not long enough for the purpose, two or three short logs were neatly and even curiously joined together end to end, and so formed one piece that was sufficient to carry, and buoyant enough to support, the weight of two people. The end is rudely ornamented, and is attached to the extremity by the same contrivance as the joints of the main stem, only that the two are not brought close together. The joint is contrived by driving three pegs into the end of the log, and by bending them, they are made to enter opposite holes in the part that is to be joined on; and as the pegs cross and bend against each other, they form a sort of elastic connexion, which strongly retains the two together. When it is used, they sit astride and move it along by paddling with their hands, keeping their feet upon the end of the log, by which they probably guide its course. Such are the shifts to which the absence of larger timber has reduced these simple savages: they shew that man is naturally a navigating animal; and this floating log, which may be called a *marine-velocipede*, is, I should suppose, the extreme case of the poverty of savage boat-building all round the world.'

One of the navigators was seized, and, with some difficulty, secured; kind treatment in some degree reassured him, and after a detention of about half-an-hour, he was set at liberty, with presents, consisting of a red cap, an axe, and a bag of sundries. On reaching the shore, he was constrained by his companions to throw away his newly acquired riches, and to stand at a distance, while they stood with their spears poised

and pointed towards him. He stood motionless while an active cross-examination seemed to be going on, and at length, a ring was formed, in the centre of which he placed himself, and narrated his adventures at considerable length. When his tale was told, the whole party, 'shouting and hallooing' to their new visitors, quitted the shore, leaving the presents on the beach, after having inspected them minutely.

The intercourse with the natives of the Northern coasts was not of quite so pacific a character. In one instance, the Australians disturbed the watering party, stole the wooding tools, carried away the station-flags, and, during the night, swam off to the vessel, and cut the whale-boat adrift. This last *coup-de-main* was detected in sufficient time for the recovery of the boat. At Knocker's Bay, a more serious attack was made. While a narrow channel was under examination, 'a shower of spears and stones' fell 'very thickly' about the boat, happily without inflicting any injury. An opportunity presented itself of punishing this treacherous assault, by taking away a large and new canoe which was found near the spot. The savages of Melville Island took possession of the theodolite-stand, and nothing would induce them to give it up, although they were anxious to obtain axes and iron tools. Water and provisions were now beginning to fail. By the close of May, it became necessary to bear up for Timor; and on the 4th of June, the cutter anchored off the Dutch settlement of Coepang. By the 13th, with the effective assistance of the Resident, Mr. Hazaart, every thing was in readiness for sailing, and on the 29th of the following month, the *Mermaid* was at anchor in Sydney Cove.

The loss of anchors had necessarily interfered with the complete execution of the general objects of the voyage. Still, much had been done, though more remained to accomplish. After an intermediate trip to Van Diemen's Land, the *Mermaid* sailed on her second voyage to the North coast, May 8th, 1819. This time, the track by the Eastern coast and Torres Strait was chosen, and imminent hazards, broken anchors, and other casualties, attended on this, as on the former course. In the neighbourhood of Cape York, the cutter passed over a bank, striking the ground at every plunge, where a few inches less water would have infallibly occasioned the loss of every life on board. Of this voyage, which occupied nearly thirty-six weeks, the results were, the examination of 540 miles of the northern coast, in addition to the 500 previously explored. Besides this, an extent of shore on the eastern sea-board of the continent, between the Percy Isles and Torres Strait, which had previously been but imperfectly known, was accurately traced.

The third voyage commenced on the 13th of July 1820. But

few days elapsed before the vessel was swept by the force of the tide upon a sand-bank, where she lay, striking continually, during two hours and a half. A loud crash which attended one of these shocks, gave reason to fear some serious damage; but, on heaving the cutter off, no material injury was detected, and the voyage was continued. It afterwards proved, however, that extensive mischief had occurred, and by the middle of September, it became necessary to lay the ship down for the purpose of examination and repair. Port Bowen, on the North-west coast, presented the necessary facilities, and no time was lost in securing the vessel and landing the stores. On inspection, the state of things was found to be exceedingly alarming. The keel was much damaged, and its hold of the stern-post greatly weakened; while the spike nails that fastened the planking, were found to be in an advanced stage of oxidation. The copper sheathing was now the only security, and there was every reason for apprehending that, before it could be possible to reach Port Jackson, the starting of a plank would terminate the expedition by sinking the cutter and her crew, without the possibility of escape. Happily, however, they reached Sydney Cove in safety on the 6th of December, though they had nearly been wrecked in the very sight of home. The whole history of navigation affords few more extraordinary instances of escape from almost inevitable destruction, than the following.

' At 2h. 40m. a. m., by the glare of a flash of lightning, the land was suddenly discovered close under our lee: we hauled to the wind immediately, but the breeze at the same moment fell, and the swell being heavy, the cutter made but little progress. Sail was made as quickly as possible, and as the cutter headed N N.E., there was every likelihood of her clearing the land; but a quarter of an hour afterwards, by the light of another flash, it was again seen close to us, stretching from right a-head to our lee-quarter, and so near, that the breakers were distinctly seen gleaming through the darkness of the night. A third flash of lightning confirmed our fears as to the dangerous situation we were in; and as there was not room to veer, the helm was immediately put a-lee; but, as was feared, the cutter refused stays. We were now obliged to veer as a last resource, and the sails being manœuvred, so as to perform this operation as quickly as possible, we fortunately succeeded in the attempt, and the cutter's head was brought to the wind upon the other tack without her striking the rocks. We were now obliged to steer as close to the wind as possible, in order to weather the reef on which the sea was breaking, within five yards to leeward of the vessel: our escape appeared to be next to impossible. The night was of a pitchy darkness, and we were only aware of our situation from time to time as the lightning flashed: the interval, therefore, between the flashes, which were so vivid as to

and pointed towards him. He stood motionless while an active cross-examination seemed to be going on, and at length, a ring was formed, in the centre of which he placed himself, and narrated his adventures at considerable length. When his tale was told, the whole party, 'shouting and hallooing' to their new visitors, quitted the shore, leaving the presents on the beach, after having inspected them minutely.

The intercourse with the natives of the Northern coasts was not of quite so pacific a character. In one instance, the Australians disturbed the watering party, stole the wooding tools, carried away the station-flags, and, during the night, swam off to the vessel, and cut the whale-boat adrift. This last *coup-de-main* was detected in sufficient time for the recovery of the boat. At Knocker's Bay, a more serious attack was made. While a narrow channel was under examination, 'a shower of spears and stones' fell 'very thickly' about the boat, happily without inflicting any injury. An opportunity presented itself of punishing this treacherous assault, by taking away a large and new canoe which was found near the spot. The savages of Melville Island took possession of the theodolite-stand, and nothing would induce them to give it up, although they were anxious to obtain axes and iron tools. Water and provisions were now beginning to fail. By the close of May, it became necessary to bear up for Timor; and on the 4th of June, the cutter anchored off the Dutch settlement of Coepang. By the 13th, with the effective assistance of the Resident, Mr. Hazaart, every thing was in readiness for sailing, and on the 29th of the following month, the Mermaid was at anchor in Sydney Cove.

The loss of anchors had necessarily interfered with the complete execution of the general objects of the voyage. Still, much had been done, though more remained to accomplish. After an intermediate trip to Van Diemen's Land, the Mermaid sailed on her second voyage to the North coast, May 8th, 1819. This time, the track by the Eastern coast and Torres Strait was chosen, and imminent hazards, broken anchors, and other casualties, attended on this, as on the former course. In the neighbourhood of Cape York, the cutter passed over a bank, striking the ground at every plunge, where a few inches less water would have infallibly occasioned the loss of every life on board. Of this voyage, which occupied nearly thirty-six weeks, the results were, the examination of 540 miles of the northern coast, in addition to the 500 previously explored. Besides this, an extent of shore on the eastern sea-board of the continent, between the Percy Isles and Torres Strait, which had previously been but imperfectly known, was accurately traced.

The third voyage commenced on the 13th of July 1820. But

few days elapsed before the vessel was swept by the force of the tide upon a sand-bank, where she lay, striking continually, during two hours and a half. A loud crash which attended one of these shocks, gave reason to fear some serious damage; but, on heaving the cutter off, no material injury was detected, and the voyage was continued. It afterwards proved, however, that extensive mischief had occurred, and by the middle of September, it became necessary to lay the ship down for the purpose of examination and repair. Port Bowen, on the North-west coast, presented the necessary facilities, and no time was lost in securing the vessel and landing the stores. On inspection, the state of things was found to be exceedingly alarming. The keel was much damaged, and its hold of the stern-post greatly weakened; while the spike nails that fastened the planking, were found to be in an advanced stage of oxidation. The copper sheathing was now the only security, and there was every reason for apprehending that, before it could be possible to reach Port Jackson, the starting of a plank would terminate the expedition by sinking the cutter and her crew, without the possibility of escape. Happily, however, they reached Sydney Cove in safety on the 6th of December, though they had nearly been wrecked in the very sight of home. The whole history of navigation affords few more extraordinary instances of escape from almost inevitable destruction, than the following.

‘At 2h. 40m. a. m., by the glare of a flash of lightning, the land was suddenly discovered close under our lee: we hauled to the wind immediately, but the breeze at the same moment fell, and the swell being heavy, the cutter made but little progress. Sail was made as quickly as possible, and as the cutter headed N.N.E., there was every likelihood of her clearing the land; but a quarter of an hour afterwards, by the light of another flash, it was again seen close to us, stretching from right a-head to our lee-quarter, and so near, that the breakers were distinctly seen gleaming through the darkness of the night. A third flash of lightning confirmed our fears as to the dangerous situation we were in; and as there was not room to veer, the helm was immediately put a-lee; but, as was feared, the cutter refused stays. We were now obliged to veer as a last resource, and the sails being manœuvred, so as to perform this operation as quickly as possible, we fortunately succeeded in the attempt, and the cutter's head was brought to the wind upon the other tack without her striking the rocks. We were now obliged to steer as close to the wind as possible, in order to weather the reef on which the sea was breaking, within five yards to leeward of the vessel: our escape appeared to be next to impossible. The night was of a pitchy darkness, and we were only aware of our situation from time to time as the lightning flashed: the interval, therefore, between the flashes, which were so vivid as to

illumine the horizon round, was of a most awful and appalling nature; and the momentary succession of our hopes and fears, which crowded rapidly upon each other, may be better imagined than described. We were evidently passing the line of breakers very quickly; but our escape appeared to be only possible through the interposition of a Divine Providence, for, by the glare of a vivid stream of forked lightning, the extremity of the reef was seen within ten yards from our lee-bow; and the wave which floated the vessel, the next moment broke upon the rocks with a surf as high as the vessel's mast head. At this dreadful moment, the swell left the cutter, and she struck upon a rock with such force, that the rudder was nearly lifted out of the gudgeons. Fortunately we had a brave man and a good seaman at the helm, for, instantly recovering the tiller, by a blow from which he had been knocked down when the vessel struck, he obeyed my orders with such attention and alacrity, that the sails were kept full; so that, by her not losing way, she cleared the rock before the succeeding wave flowed from under her, and the next moment, a flash of lightning shewed to our almost unbelieving eyes, that we had passed the extremity of the rocks, and were in safety! This sudden deliverance from the brink of destruction was quite unexpected by all on board our little vessel, and drew from us a spontaneous acknowledgement of gratitude to the only source to which our providential escape could be attributed.'

The chief result of the present voyage, was the ascertainment of the superior safety and convenience of what is termed the in-shore route along the eastern coast of New Holland. The tremendous barrier of reefs that ranges parallel with that line of coast, and nearly fills up the channel between Cape York and New Guinea, leaves, between its inner side and the shore, a space of clear water, varying in width, and at all times 'perfectly smooth.' Wood and water are procurable from the proximity of the land; good anchorage is generally at hand; and it should seem that the passage may be effected in a shorter time. The outer navigation is extremely dangerous. The charts are as yet, and must be for a long time to come, incomplete; the danger of falling leeward is exceedingly great; anchorage is uncertain: and, in foggy weather, every hazard is indefinitely increased.

The shattered condition of the *Mermaid* rendered it expedient to abandon the intention of employing her in the succeeding investigations, and a larger, as well as much more convenient vessel was purchased, and named the *Bathurst*. May 26, 1821, Captain King again sailed to the east. At Clark's Island, near Cape Flinders, Mr. Cunningham, the naturalist, discovered some curious specimens of native art.

'The remarkable structure of the geological feature of this islet led me,' he observes, 'to examine the south-east part, which was the

most exposed to the weather, and where the disposition of the strata was of course more plainly developed. The base is a coarse, granular, siliceous sand-stone, in which large pebbles of quartz and jasper are embedded: this stratum continues for sixteen to twenty feet above the water: for the next ten feet, there is a horizontal stratum of black schistose rock, which is of so soft a consistence, that the weather had excavated several tiers of galleries; upon the roof and sides of which some curious drawings were observed, which deserve to be particularly described. They were executed upon a ground of red ochre, (rubbed on the black schistus,) and were delineated by dots of a white argillaceous earth, which had been worked up into a paste. They represented tolerable figures of sharks, porpoises, turtles, lizards, (of which I saw several small ones among the rocks,) trepang, star-fish, clubs, canoes, water-gourds, and some quadrupeds, which were probably intended to represent kangaroos and dogs. The figures, besides being outlined by the dots, were decorated all over with the same pigment in dotted transverse belts. Tracing a gallery round to windward, it brought me to a commodious cave or recess, overhung by a portion of the schistus, sufficiently large to shelter twenty natives, whose recent fire-places appeared on the projecting area of the cave.

The roof and sides of this cavern were ornamented in the same way; and, on the whole, not fewer than a hundred and fifty figures gave testimony to the industry of the artist. In the night of the 1st of July, the Bathurst lost two of her anchors, and was in circumstances of considerable danger. In Hanover Bay, an interview with some of the natives was near producing disastrous effects. The savages were exceedingly irritable, and Captain King gave orders to retire in order to avoid a positive rupture. No sooner, however, had the party turned to depart, than spears were thrown, and Mr. Montgomery, the surgeon, was dangerously wounded in the back.

'The next morning, at eleven o'clock, a native was seen on a float, or catamaran, paddling round the west point of the strait, and another man, a woman, and a child, were observed upon the rocks, who, in less than a quarter of an hour, came down to the spot where we met them yesterday, and began to wave and call to us. An opportunity now offered of punishing these wretches for their treacherous conduct, and of disappointing them in their present plans, for they were evidently intent upon some mischief. Mr. Bedwell was therefore despatched to secure their catamaran, which was hauled up on a sandy beach near the outer point, whilst another boat was sent towards the natives. When the latter arrived near the shore, they were sitting on the rock, and inviting us to land; but it was necessary to convince them that we were not so defenceless as they imagined, and as soon as we were sufficiently near, several muskets were fired over their heads: one of them fell down behind a rock, but the other made off. The native who had fallen, was wounded in the shoulder, and was recognised to be the man that speared Mr. Montgomery: he made

several attempts to get away, but every time his head appeared above the rock which concealed him from us, a pistol or a musket was fired to prevent his escape; at last, however, he sprang up, and, leaping upon the rock, with a violent effort, was instantaneously out of sight. As soon as he was gone, we pulled round to the sandy bay, where the natives had landed, and overtook Mr. Bedwell, who was passing by the place. Upon the beach we found two catamarans, or floats, on each of which a large bundle of spears was tied with ligatures of bark; and on searching about the grass, we soon found and secured all their riches, consisting of water-baskets, tomahawks, spears, throwing-sticks, fire-sticks, fishing-lines, and thirty-six spears. Some of the latter were of a large size, and very roughly made, and one was headed with a piece of stone, curiously pointed and worked. This last spear is propelled by a throwing-stick, which was also found lying by it. After launching the catamarans, and securing every thing found upon them, they were towed round by the boats to where we had fired upon the natives, whilst a party walked over land to examine the place. On the way, several spears were discovered, placed ready for use on their retreat to the beach, where, from the quantity collected, they evidently intended to make a stand; supposing, no doubt, from our appearance yesterday, that we were defenceless, and would therefore fall an easy prey. On reaching the rock, behind which the native fell, it was found covered with blood; and Bundell, who probably did the deed, said the wound was on his shoulder. We traced their retreat by the blood for half a mile to the border of a mangrove inlet, which they had evidently crossed, for the marks of their feet were perceived imprinted in the mud. We then gave up the pursuit, and went on board.'

By the month of August, it became necessary to procure supplies; the loss of anchors, too, had been severely felt, and it was determined to run for the Mauritius, where the brig anchored on the 26th of September, and was detained until the 15th of November. St. George's Sound was the point fixed on by Captain King for wooding and watering previously to the recommencement of his survey, and he anchored there on the 23rd of December. One of the natives who came on board, exhibited more intelligence than is usually found among these savages. He clearly perceived the superiority of the Europeans, and testified a wish to accompany them on their departure. His resolution was, however, very effectually neutralised by a taste of sea-sickness, and 'Jack' was relanded. The natives here

'were well acquainted with the effect of a musket, although not the least alarmed at having one fired off near them. Every thing they saw, excited their admiration, particularly the carpenter's tools, and our clothes; but what appeared to surprise them above all other things, was the effect produced upon the flesh by a burning glass, and of its causing the explosion of a train of gunpowder. They perfectly understood that it was from the sun that the fire was produced, for, on one occasion, when Jack requested me to shew it to two or three

strangers whom he had brought to visit us, I explained to him, that it could not be done while the sun was clouded; he then waited patiently for five minutes, until the sunshine re-appeared, when he instantly reminded me of the removal of the obstacle. He was a good deal surprised at my collecting the rays of the sun upon my own hand, supposing that I was callous to the pain, from which he had himself before shrunk; but, as I held the glass within the focus distance, no painful sensation was produced; after which he presented me with his own arm, and allowed me to burn it as long as I chose to hold the glass, without flinching in the least, which, with greater reason, equally astonished us in our turn.'

Captain King began his examination of the western coast at Rottnest Island, the intermediate portion having been sufficiently explored by other navigators. Shark's Bay, though imperfectly surveyed by the recent expedition of Commodore Baudin, did not detain him, and he pushed forward for more urgent objects. Among the islands of Buccaneer's Archipelago, the vessel was in imminent danger.

'It was my intention to have brought up under the lee of the point, where Dampier describes his having anchored in twenty-nine fathoms clear sandy ground; but, upon sounding the projection, the wind suddenly fell, and after a light squall from S.W. we had a dead calm; the depth was thirty fathoms coral bottom, and therefore not safe to anchor upon. This was unfortunate, for the sudden defection of the wind prevented our hauling into the bay out of the tide, which was evidently running with considerable rapidity, and drifting us, without our having the means of preventing it, towards a cluster of small rocks and islands, through which we could not discover any outlet, and which were so crowded, that, in the dangerous predicament in which we found ourselves placed, they bore a truly awful and terrific appearance. At this time, I was at my usual post, the mast-head, directing the steerage of the vessel; but, as the brig was drifting forward by a rapid sluice of tide towards some low rocks, about a quarter of a mile off, that were not more than two feet above the water's edge, and upon which it appeared almost inevitable that we must strike, I descended to the deck, under the certain conviction that we could not escape the dangers that were strewed across our path, unless a breeze should spring up, of which there was not the slightest appearance or probability. Happily, however, the stream of the tide swept us past the rocks without accident, and, after carrying us about half a mile further, changed its direction to south-east, and drifted us towards a narrow strait, separating two rocky islands, in the centre of which was a large insulated rock that seemed to divide the stream. The boat was now hoisted out and sent a-head to tow, but we could not succeed in getting the vessel's head round. As she approached the strait, the channel became much narrower, and several islands were passed, at not more than thirty yards from her course. The voices of natives were now heard, and soon afterwards, some were seen on either side of the strait, hallooing and waving their arms. We were so near to

one party, that they might have thrown their spears on board; they had a dog with them, which Mr. Cunningham remarked to be black. By this time, we were flying past the shore with such velocity, that it made us quite giddy; and our situation was too awful to give us time to observe the motions of the Indians; for we were entering the narrowest part of the strait, and the next moment were close to the rock, which it appeared to be almost impossible to avoid; and it was more than probable that the stream it divided, would carry us broadside upon it, when the consequences would have been truly dreadful. The current, or sluice, was setting past the rock at the rate of eight or nine knots, and the water, being confined by its intervention, fell at least six or seven feet. At the moment, however, when we were upon the point of being dashed to pieces, a sudden breeze providentially sprang up, and, filling our sails, impelled the vessel forward for three or four yards;—this was enough, but only just sufficient, for the rudder was not more than six yards from the rock. No sooner had we passed this frightful danger, than the breeze fell again, and was succeeded by a dead calm; the tide, however, continued to carry us on with a gradually decreasing strength, until one o'clock, when we felt very little effect from it.'

The stores were now in such a state as to render it necessary to quit very speedily the present course of investigation; and on the 20th of February, 1822, Captain King left the coast, and reached Port Jackson March 25, where he found orders which induced him to return to England, without completing the whole of the intended survey.

Notwithstanding the meritorious efforts of Flinders and King, much still remains to be accomplished, before the hydrography of the Australian coast can be considered as accurately defined. Enough has, however, been ascertained for the general purposes of navigation, and in few instances has the persevering spirit of British enterprise been more signally illustrated, than in the voyages of these distinguished officers.

A valuable but necessarily technical Appendix contains ample 'sailing directions,' and some important contributions to natural history. The plates are of little interest, as well as of inferior execution, with the exception of three, illustrative of the Appendix B. The chart is on a very meagre and unsatisfactory scale.

Art. III. *Mathematics for Practical Men* : being a Common-place Book of Principles, Theorems, Rules, and Tables, in various Departments of Pure and Mixed Mathematics, with their most useful Applications; especially to the Pursuits of Surveyors, Architects, Mechanics, and Civil Engineers. By Olinthus Gregory, LL.D. Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy. 8vo. pp. 410. (Plates and numerous Cuts.) Price 14s. London. 1825.

WE trust that the estimable Author of the volume before us, will believe that our delay in noticing it has not been occasioned either by any want of disrespect towards himself, or by indifference to the object for which it was composed, but by circumstances over which we had no control. We cordially rejoice in the growing intelligence of the age, in the impetus which has been given to the public mind, and in the spirit of inquiry which renders such a publication desirable; and not less do we rejoice, that gentlemen so well qualified as our Author are to be found, who are willing to employ their eminent talents in the preparation of works so admirably adapted to meet the widely extending demand for scientific information.

How far it may be expedient, or possible, to simplify the investigations of science, or to soften the rigour of strict demonstration, with a view to those persons whose mental habits have not been formed on the principles of scientific inquiry, is a question upon which we do not at present mean to enter; but, aware of its importance, and suspecting that some errors on the subject are abroad, we shall probably make it the matter of discussion at some future period. There can be no question, however, as to the utility of Dr. Gregory's volume. Many persons who are incompetent to follow a lengthened process of reasoning, or to investigate the truths of science for themselves, are nevertheless able to avail themselves of the discoveries of others, and often shew considerable ingenuity in the application of principles and results to the improvement of machinery and the arts. He, therefore, who, at the same time that he is able to soar to the loftiest heights of science, is willing to stoop to the humble task of collecting and arranging principles, and of presenting valuable results to the uninformed, deserves the gratitude of his country; and to this honour, the Author of the work before us is decidedly entitled.

In his preface, Dr. Gregory refers to three other performances which bear some analogy to his own:—Martin's "*Young Student's Memorial-Book*," Jones's (Father of Sir William) "*Synopsis Palmariorum Matheseos*," and Brunton's "*Compen-*

"dium of Mechanics;" but these are all too limited in their plan, and the first two are of too early a date, to be of much use in the present improved state of mechanical science. With Martin and Jones, we have been long familiar, and have always admired them for the skill with which they are adapted to their respective purposes. More scientific than the former of these, and more practical than the last, the work of Dr. Gregory is more comprehensive and complete than either, and contains, beyond comparison, the largest and most valuable collection of matter on the subjects of which it treats, that we have ever met with in a single volume. If some parts of it are too profound for common readers, there are many persons who will study them with great pleasure and advantage, while there will still remain an abundant supply of materials for the benefit of the most deficient reader.

It appears that the work originated in the desire of the Author 'to draw up an Essay on the principles and applications of the mechanical sciences, for the use of the younger members of the Institution of Civil Engineers,'—of such an extent only, that it might be read at one or two of the meetings of that Society; but the object of 'the embryo thought has grown, during meditation, from an essay to a book; and what was first meant to be a very compendious Selection, has, in its execution, assumed the appearance of a systematic analysis of principles, theorems, rules, and tables.'

'Indeed,' adds Dr. G., 'the circumstances in which the inhabitants of this country are now placed, with regard to the love and acquisition of knowledge, impelled me, almost unconsciously, to such an extension of my original plan, as sprang from a desire to contribute to the instruction of that numerous class, the practical mechanics of this country. Besides the early disadvantages under which many of them have laboured, there is another, which results from the activity of their pursuits. Unable, therefore, to go through the details of an extensive systematic course, they must for the most part be satisfied with imperfect views of theories and principles, and take much upon trust: an evil, however, which the establishment of societies, and the composition of treatises, with an express view to their benefit, will probably soon diminish.'

'Besides our junior Civil Engineers, and the numerous practical mechanics who are anxious to store their minds with scientific facts and principles, there are others to whom, I flatter myself, the following pages will be found useful. Teachers of mathematics and those departments of natural philosophy which are introduced into our more respectable seminaries, may probably find this volume to occupy a convenient intermediate station between the merely popular exhibitions of the truths of mechanics, hydrostatics, &c., and the larger treatises in which the whole chain of inquiry and demonstra-

tion is carefully presented link by link, and the successive portions firmly connected upon irrefragable principles. While students who have recently terminated a scientific course, whether in our Universities or other institutions, public or private, may, I would fain believe, find in this common-place book, an abridged repository of the most valuable principles and theorems, and of hints for their applications to practical purposes.' *Preface.*

The Contents of this volume are arranged under their general heads in the following order: Arithmetic.—Algebra.—Geometry.—Trigonometry.—Conic Sections.—Curves useful to Architects.—Mensuration.—Mechanics.—Statics.—Dynamics.—Hydrostatics.—Hydrodynamics.—Pneumatics.—Active and Passive Strength.—Supplementary Tables.

In treating of the multifarious subjects included in these general divisions, the Author takes an ample range, and collects his materials from all quarters, far and near, ancient and modern; rightly judging that no individual, however highly gifted and richly endowed, could from his own stores, either of discovery or acquisition, supply every thing necessary for the elucidation of so immense a variety of topics as this volume embraces. But though, in a work like this, it would be absurd to pretend to originality, and unwise to reject assistance wherever it can be obtained, and though a great proportion of the materials are therefore common property, yet, says the Author, 'the plan and execution are my own;'—and in both, we may add, are exhibited the intellect and the hand of a master.

The first 99 pages of the volume are occupied with two treatises on Arithmetic and Algebra, which are very neat, perspicuous, and comprehensive. We question, however, the propriety of including the former treatise in a work like this, since it is not likely that any person altogether ignorant of arithmetic would purchase the volume. In the event of a second edition, therefore, we would advise either the omission of the Arithmetic entirely, or that only the Fractional parts be retained; which would, on the one hand, allow a reduction of price, (not that we think the work is dear, considering the nature and value of its contents,) or, on the other, afford room for additional important matter. We should be sorry, however, to part with the admirable introductory definitions. Passing onwards, we find, in the Algebra, an ingenious illustration of the use of the negative and positive signs, and a satisfactory exposition of the general rule for the signs in multiplication; and, at the end of the treatise, a short section, of unquestionable utility, on the Computation of *Formulae*: we

only wish that the title, though strictly correct, could be made more popular, and consequently more attractive.

The remaining matter is synoptical, and is so arranged as to correspond in its character to a *Syllabus* of a Course of Lectures on the departments of science of which it treats; only that popular illustrations are more frequently introduced, practical applications are incessantly borne in mind, and such tables as are most useful to architects, mechanics, and civil engineers, are inserted under their proper heads. Of these, many have been either computed or contributed expressly for this book.

We were about to characterize various chapters of this work, and to exhibit a specimen of the able manner in which our Author has united precision with brevity and perspicuity, and to shew with what skill he has worked up his materials so as to adapt the whole to the use of his readers, according to their abilities and pursuits; but, as we are persuaded that all to whom such details would be acceptable or useful, will purchase the work, we shall conclude with adding to our hearty commendation of this interesting volume, the expression of our earnest wish, that the Author's efforts "to do good, and to communicate" useful knowledge to all classes, may be as successful as the desire which dictated them is liberal and benevolent.

Art. IV. *The Reigning Vice*; a Satirical Essay. In Four Books. Fcap. 8vo. pp. xiv. 182. London. 1827.

IT is not often that sparkling poetry and sound philosophy are found in intimate combination, or that the severer lessons of truth can be successfully conveyed in the honied accents of verse. Poets are not characteristically close thinkers, sound logicians, or correct moralists; and if they were never so well skilled in ethical philosophy, it were a hopeless attempt, to please by the most elegant or nervous expression of truths absolutely unpleasing. A writer like Pope, who flatters our self-love by turning apologist for human nature, whose theory is not less pleasing than his verse, who deals only in delicious falsehoods and soothing deceits, has a comparatively easy task, and can hardly fail of pleasing. Young's was a far more difficult undertaking than the versification of Bolingbroke's philosophy: his *Night Thoughts* abound with the sternest and most unwelcome truths, but, like Cowper in his *Task*, he is more descriptive than didactic; he declaims rather than reasons; and much of the effect of his poetry results from his

having gained possession of the reader's imagination and sympathy by means of the picturesque sepulchral scenery in the midst of which he places us. The Satirist pleases by other means. He flatters our individual self-love by inviting us to sit in judgement with him on the follies and frailties of others,—by making us partake, as it were, of his assumed superiority of discernment and virtue, and by ministering to that innate and almost universal appetite for detraction, which loves to conceal itself under the form of virtuous indignation. This is one way in which men

‘Compound for sins they are inclin’d to,
By censuring what they have no mind to.’

On this account, it is very questionable whether, upon the whole, the tendency of satire is virtuous, although, by putting to flight some minor follies and ephemeral absurdities, it may have been occasionally serviceable to the community.

The design of poetry must be, to please, to gratify the imagination and to touch the softer feelings. This primary design may be rendered subservient to a higher end, and with that which is adapted to afford pleasure, poetry may combine ingredients of a very different character,—themes that, in themselves, are calculated to offend or give pain. But these must never be allowed to predominate so as to interfere with the general effect which poetry aims at; otherwise, by ceasing to please, it will fail to be read, and cease to be poetry.

Such are the objections which seem to us to lie against didactic and satirical poetry; or rather, perhaps, we ought to say, the difficulties to be surmounted by the writer who boldly adventures on this service. The satirical poet, if he be an honest one, is a person who seeks to do us good by stratagem; he is a practitioner who aims to fascinate us by the elegant and accomplished manner in which he handles the glittering instrument of pain. He promises to extract our inveterate vices without hurting us in the operation. It is Apollo courting Daphne in the character of the god of physic—‘*Je suis medecin* ;’ at which words, the fable says, the nymph only fled the fleeter. Still, the more arduous and difficult the undertaking which has for its object, to make harsh truth sound melodious, and to win men over to virtue by the blandishments of verse, the greater is the merit which attaches to any measure of success. Those difficulties ought to be taken into the estimate, in appreciating the talent of the writer, and a hasty judgement of such a production would be in the highest degree uncandid and unjust.

The Author of the present poem boldly enters the lists, as a

moralist, against the illustrious pupil of Bolingbroke, who, in his much lauded *Essay on Man*, has embalmed the infidel creed and shallow philosophy of his almost forgotten master. 'Stripped of its seductive ornaments,' he remarks, 'the true purport of that *Essay* is; that human vices and frailties are very good and necessary things; that "not a vanity is given in vain;" and that, in this our world, "whatever is, is right."' This scheme is not more at variance with that of the Christian religion, than with existing facts.

'In casting a mere glance around us, we are first struck by the certainty that we see a great deal of wretchedness. Which, then, is most natural; to strain this into meaning nothing but happiness, or to explain it as an evidence of a deranged system of things plainly at variance with the benevolent intentions of a Divine Creator?.....For myself, I should rather be disposed, with Lord Byron, to believe that this world is

"A place of agony and strife,
Where, for some sin, to sorrow we are cast,"

than the paradise of perfection which Pope endeavours to prove it. Is this to blaspheme the Maker of our orb? On the contrary, the impiety seems to be in maintaining that the work, blurred and defaced as it is, came originally thus from the hands of its Almighty Author.'

His aim, in the poem before us, he goes on to say, has been, to point out that moral disease which seems to be the main source of the disorders manifest in this world; and having established the fact of its prevalence, to consider what means are in our power.

'The first part only of the result of my inquiries, consisting of four books, is now offered to the public. In them, my object is to prove, first, that self-love is universal; secondly, that it is (in our world) disordered. I have pointed out, in the first book, many striking appearances of human nature as proving the universality of Self-love. In the second, I have traced her to her lurking places, and through some of her modes of action. In the third, I have attempted to delineate her prominent features in the present day. In the fourth, I have shewn her to be the sole cause of human evils, from her identity with Selfishness. In the books that are to come, I propose to develop the cause and object of her caprices, and finally, to turn her perverted impulse to its right end and original destination.'

Before we proceed to offer any remarks upon our Author's theory or general doctrines, we shall enable our readers to judge of his qualifications as a poet, since, till this previous question is disposed of, it may seem a point of small impor-

tance whether, as a moralist, he be right or wrong. In the following pair of portraits, his satirical powers will be seen.

‘ O amiable Amitor! for thee
Smiles the snug literary coterie.
For thee the Album all its treasures spreads;
For thee green tea its dewy fragrance sheds;
For thee soft hands the softer footstool bear,
And urge the honours of the easy chair.
Unvex’d by wife or mistress, girl or boy,
Thy world is paradise, thy life is joy.
Thy motto still, “ Slide softly, softly slide !”
Where others sink, thou gracefully canst glide.
Tedious discussion never bent thy brow :
Thy only answer is an easy bow.
Above all envy, enmity, or strife,
Thou wav’st the disagreeables of life.
Let others fix their love on friends or pelf,
Thy safer way’s to fix it on thyself.
Riches have wings, our friends we may survive,
But thou thine idol never can’st outlive ;
Twined with thy heart-strings, breathing in thy breath,
Born at thy birth, and dying at thy death.
Yet, who thy winning influence can resist,
Refined and inoffensive egotist ?
We own the charm, although its aim we see,
And yield the love we never win from thee.’

* * * * *

‘ O world! thou paradise of lamp-lit bowers,
Of painted cheeks and artificial flowers,
Thy cozening virtue is the devil’s joy ;
Thy honour, murder ; God’s revenge thy toy.
What’s thy politeness but a sordid art ?
Sincere good-breeding blossoms from the heart.’

* * * * *

‘ In public prints, where public virtues shine,
And merit’s purchased at so much per line,
On Fame’s bright throne see bounteous Clara set,
In all the dignity of epithet.
Behold the blind, the halt, the maim’d, the poor,
Await the weekly dole around her door.
Thro’ half-clos’d blinds she peers into the street.
“ What’s Charity, if there be none to see’t ?
Sure Scripture says, we should not hide our light ;
My poor example may lead thousands right.
Bring me the soup. Nay, Betty, waste is sin ;
Pour twice the quantity of water in.
Complain! ’Tis far too good for such a troop ;
What should such ragged wretches know of soup ?

Now, now's the time! The company approach.
Run, Betty, run; I see his Grace's coach.
It moves this way! Nay, then, before you go,
Lay ope my manual at page forty-two."

' O God! in this thy secret arm I see :
Pride is unconscious almoner to Thee.
Still does thy care from evil good educe,
And make things, worthless in themselves, of use.'

pp. 48—54.

Self-love in the guise of Sensibility, is exemplified in the character of Rousseau.

' Behold Rousseau, of passion the high-priest,
A god in intellect, in heart a beast ;
Thief and false witness, though the world he led ;
Alive to Fancy, but to Nature dead ;
He who could weep, by Julie's fate beguil'd,
Then at the Foundling drop his infant child.
In vain he stood the idol of mankind :
His keen self-homage left a world's behind.
Star of all eyes himself alone he deem'd,
And God's great universe his mirror seem'd.
Yet, mortal worship still intent to seize,
His dread to miss it grew a wild disease.
Thought so aspiring, appetite so base,
Turn'd love to insult, glory to disgrace.
Hence, Fear's pale shadow still pursued his tread :
He fled in vain,—for 'twas himself he fled.' p. 61.

We shall give one more extract of a bolder character.

' Ask we for later proofs? Let France stand forth,
Ambition's jest, the dread and scorn of earth.
And thou, whom wonder from our view has screen'd,
Napoleon, miracle, man, angel, fiend!
Whose daring Selfishness such heights could climb,
That, in its greatness, it became sublime ;
Incarnate Energy, embodied Will !
Thou, who could'st mould Creation to thy skill ;
Smooth Alps, raise armies, make or unmake kings,
Use the world's foibles as a puppet's springs ;
Brilliant in arts as arms, a mental sun,
Cæsar, Tiberius, Trajan, all in one ;
Thou glorious madman, didst thou fondly deem
Such sway could dwell with less than power Supreme?
One simple truth escaped thy mighty mind,
" He's only sure who lives for all mankind ;"
And foes, true nobleness had made thy friends,
Crush'd thy wild hopes, and foil'd thy selfish ends.

‘ Britain, behold and quake ! Thine hour must come,
If equal guilt call down an equal doom.
O haste, and seize atonement for the times,
And court repentance heavy as thy crimes !
Strip off thy plunder, shed a sea of tears,
Bow to the dust, proclaim a fast of years !
When Mercy sleeps, and Justice flies abroad,
And God puts on the terrors of a God,
When Guilt’s deep groans resound Creation’s knell,
Then Ireland’s name shall crush thee down to Hell !
See, pale she withers on her blasted strand,
And curses thee, the Vampire of her land.
Beauty and wealth for her in vain combine,
The frowning mountain, and the Parian mine,
A race of manly frame and noble soul—
The gem of ocean melts in Britain’s bowl.
One selfish system we alone can know,
All to receive, and nothing to bestow.
A useless priesthood, sent her faith to mock,
Shear, with close hand, but never tend their flock.
The gale sighs anthems, where the thistle waves
Midst roofless fanes and desecrated graves.
Her nobles fly the land, whose gifts they share,
Like asps, and toads, afraid to breathe her air ;
Some spendthrift courtier her last remnant begs,
And needy viceroys squeeze her to the dregs.
What marvel then her sons their drivers spurn,
And, used like beasts, at length to beasts should turn ?
Hope is the proud distinction of mankind :
Take that, and nothing human lurks behind.
Spaniels may crouch, rous’d lions never spare ;
Rebellion is the virtue of despair.
When Ireland tells her tales of wasted life,
The merciless musket, and the desperate knife ;
Then, Britain, tremble with a murderer’s fears ;
Kneel, kneel for grace ! These crimes are thine, not her’s !
Ere vengeance seal thy guilt, O yet be wise,
Pay Ireland back the debt of centuries !
Smooth her with oil, with quiet rust her swords,
And only raise the gibbet for her lords.
Force hardens hearts ; ’tis kindness bids them flow,
As storms congeal, while sunbeams melt the snow.
Her broken altars raise, set conscience free,
O’erpower her zealot rage with liberty.
No casual charities her wants relieve :
An ocean were but wasted in a sieve.
First stop her drains, then pour the bounteous flood,
And bind her thine by mighty gratitude.’ pp. 144—147.

These specimens will sufficiently shew the average execution

of the poem. It will be seen that it contains much more of satire than of philosophy, and, like most satires, is more frequently pointed than just. As a picture of society, the satirist's representations are always essentially untrue: they are, in point of fact, not less fictitious than the fairer visions of poetry, in which an ideal world is created by a mere selection of all that is beautiful and pure in nature, the elements of fancy being supplied by observation and memory, but refined from every thing of a contrary character. By an inverted process, the satirist selects for his dark picture, all that is most revolting and appalling in vice, or ridiculous in folly; and because he selects his forms from living originals, he is apt to imagine that he is more true to fact and nature, than the flattering artist. But he is mistaken. The grouping and the colouring are his own, and these are both fictitious and false. Some of the most serious practical errors result from a hasty generalizing of a few partial facts; and against no species of mistake is it more necessary to be constantly on our guard. It is the easily-besetting sin of all young thinkers and half-philosophers. Hence, the opinions which such persons form of society, are always incorrect, not because they are altogether mistaken as to particulars, but because they are ever premature and unjust in their conclusions.

The Author of the present volume seems to be in some measure aware of the objection to which his statements are open, and offers in the following lines, something like an apology for his injustice.

'Deem not the Muse, incautious to offend,
Still madly censures where she might commend.
Praise is not now the office of her lays;
'Tis by her silence only she can praise.
Friend to the good, she labours to be just,
Spare where she can, but lashes where she must;
And still, alas! to human frailty true,
Must lash the many, while she spares the few.
Else should bright names a seraph might rehearse,
Cheer the dark picture and embalm her verse.' p. 111.

These very lines, which represent the good as so inconsiderably few, convey a misrepresentation of the state of the times. With far more justice the case might be reversed, and the Amitors and Claras be considered as extreme specimens characteristic, not of the many, but of the few. Hypocrisy is the homage paid to virtue by those who would stand well with the better part of mankind; and the base coin passes unsuspected, only because it is mixed with the sterling currency. To hold up the selfish and hypocritical as specimens of the religious

world, is not satire, but calumny. We acquit the present Writer of any malignant intention; but the tendency of his representations is to bring into discredit all pretensions to religion, all "holy ardour" and Christian zeal, as mere hollow pretence. And he even ventures to speak of the institutions which so honourably distinguish the present age, as the offspring of a 'blind faith,' a 'rash hope,' and a 'proud charity.' Such language does no credit to either his information, his charity, or his piety. It proves but too clearly, that there is 'a beam' in his own eye, which requires to be removed, and which has led him to mistake for the censor's seat the chair of the scorner.

Would the Satirist be willing that we should receive his representations as the result of personal observation and experience, and apply to him the familiar test of character which is supplied by a man's connexions? Would he have us take him at his word, that the majority of those with whom he has been acquainted are such as he describes, the froth and scum that float on the upper surface of society? If so, he is either much to be censured or much to be pitied, for the fatality of his choice or the singular hardness of his fate, which has separated him from the better specimens of human nature and Christian excellence? Is he then some satiated worldling who turns 'king's evidence' against his old associates? Or are we to view him as a traitor within the camp, betraying to the infidel the nakedness of the land? Or must we give him credit for being, like the great Reformer of Israel in the reign of Ahab, under an innocent mistake with regard to the thousands who have never bowed the knee to Baal? Whatever be the true state of the case, the fact remains, that he has given a false view of men and things. "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."

But the Writer might perhaps plead, that the specific design of his poem, as intended to illustrate the disordered state of human nature, required that only the dark side of the picture should be held up to view. It is obvious, however, that such an admission would invalidate the general argument. His position is, that selfishness is 'universal;' this is either true or false. If any portion of society be redeemed from the operation of this depraved principle, the assertion, which is absolute, falls to the ground. A rule may admit of exceptions: an assertion of this nature is disproved by them. Besides, in forming a comparative estimate of the state of society at any particular period, or in a particular country, the character of the minority is far more deserving of consideration

than the state of the many, which is but too much the same in all countries and at all periods. The higher classes have every where been chargeable with dissoluteness, the lower classes of the people with depravity; but that which mainly distinguishes one age and people above another, is the existence of a virtuous and enlightened class,—the ‘few righteous,’ the ‘salt of the earth,’ who realize the genuine influence of their principles, and leave the impress of their character on the institutions of society, and the history of their age.

We have perhaps dwelt longer upon this topic than is warranted by the nature of the work before us; but the pretensions of the Author, as put forth in his preface, are so much above those of an ordinary satirist, and his motives would seem to be so laudable, that we have felt called upon to bestow more serious attention upon his performance, than its intrinsic merit deserves. With regard to his philosophy, it is not far from the truth, but the subject is too delicate for satire, and required to be treated with much more clearness and discrimination. Self-love, if, by that phrase, be meant, the desire of happiness, is so totally distinct from selfishness, that it can never become identified with it. The phrase has, indeed, in this sense little propriety, and it is, at best, equivocal; but it is in this sense only, that self-love is ‘the acknowledged moving principle of sentient beings.’ Self, in this case, is the passive *subject* of a necessary instinct, neither virtuous nor vicious, from the operation of which no intellectual being can possibly disengage himself, since, for a creature not to desire his own happiness, would imply the absence of all intelligence. But, in the operation of selfishness, self is not the subject merely, but the *object* of the principle: it is the desire of happiness operating in a wrong direction, shewing that the affections have wandered from their proper centre, and that the will is perverted from its original bias to the chief good. Self-love sometimes means nothing more than self-indulgence or self-complacency, in which sense, it still differs widely from habitual and essential selfishness. The vain man may be benevolent: the selfish man feels for himself alone. The only true virtue, however, as the Writer justly intimates, consists in the principle of love to God, which can alone counterwork the love of the world or the selfish principle in the heart of man. All actions that are not performed from this motive, may not be selfish or vicious, but they fall short of virtue, which must always have respect to the law of all moral actions, the will of God, the end of all actions, the Divine glory, and the reward of all virtue, the favour and approbation of God.

Art. V. *Travels in Mesopotamia.* Including a Journey from Aleppo, across the Euphrates to Orfah, (the Ur of the Chaldees,) through the Plains of the Turcomans, to Diarbekr, in Asia Minor; from thence to Mardin, on the Borders of the Great Desert, and by the Tigris to Mousul and Bagdad: with Researches on the Ruins of Babylon, Nineveh, Arbela, Ctesiphon, and Seleucia. By J. S. Buckingham, Author of *Travels in Palestine, &c.* 4to. pp. xvi. 572. London, 1827.

MR. BUCKINGHAM is certainly a most indefatigable man, as a writer, not less than as a traveller. This is the third quarto volume with which he has favoured the public; and it is impossible to rise from the perusal, with whatever prejudices the reader may have opened the work, without an impression highly favourable as regards the cleverness of the Writer, and the substantial accuracy of the information scattered through his pages. If, in point of original qualifications, he is not to be classed with the equally voluminous Dr. E. D. Clarke, he deserves to take rank, among modern travellers, far above Sir R. K. Porter. Like the former, he has been at considerable pains, in the getting up of his travels for the press, to give them the utmost benefit of his subsequent reading and research; and although this mode of converting travels into a series of geographical and historical disquisitions, adds greatly to the bulk of the volumes, we are not disposed to deny that their intrinsic value is upon the whole much enhanced by the variety of information thus brought under the eye of the reader, relating to the scene of the Author's journey. Mr. Buckingham may at least plead the precedent set him, and the favour with which similar publications have been received, as a sufficient apology for the discursive nature of his observations in the present work.

The Author's route, in this part of his Travels, is fully described in the title-page which we have transcribed. It led him through countries not often visited by Europeans, and by sites of peculiar historical interest. Setting out from Aleppo, he crossed the Euphrates at Beer, where the stream was 'at least equal to the Thames at Blackfriars-bridge.' This was in the beginning of June. Just below the town, it divides itself into twenty smaller channels, running between low, grassy islets, and opposite the town was a dry bank of mud: these, when the river is swelled by the rains, or the melting of the snows of Mount Taurus, change their form and situation; and the river may then possibly be, as Rauwolf represents it, a mile in breadth. Mr. Buckingham gives us a long note upon the etymology of the name, from Dr. Vincent and others; a

subject which has been thought worthy of a distinct dissertation inserted in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature.* We see no reason to doubt, as intimated in our notice of that article, that the import of the word is, the wide-spreading river. Rivers were most commonly named, in ancient times, either from their size, as "the Great River," *Bahr el kebir*, Guadalquivir, Rio Grande, &c.—their colour, as the Nile, and the numerous black, blue, white, and green rivers in all countries and languages,—or their course, as meandering or spreading, swift or sluggish. *Diglath*, the ancient name of the Tigris, according to Josephus, signifies narrow; but if it be the same as the *Hid-dekhel* of Scripture, its real meaning is more probably preserved in the modern appellation Tigris, which alludes to the swiftness of its course. In some parts, however, the rapidity of the current is at times far from being extraordinary, while its narrowness is a characteristic feature which accompanies it throughout. When Mr. Buckingham first came in sight of the Tigris, not far from Diarbekir, it appeared 'narrow, sluggish, and low in its bed.' In this part of its course, it has a double curvature: the rate of the current did not apparently exceed two miles per hour. When he again reached the river, near *Eski Mousul* (Old Mousul), he found the stream 'narrower than any part of the Thames from the Nore to London; and its current, which was disturbed and muddy, did not flow at a greater rate than three miles per hour.' Again, a little way below Bagdad, it is described as 'much narrower than the narrowest part of the Nile' below the Island of Rhouda; its waters dark and turbid; and the rate of the current about two miles an hour. At Bagdad, however, our Author subsequently states, (p. 471.) 'that it ran certainly at the full rate of three, and sometimes rushes at the rate of six or seven miles an hour.' In fact, its swiftness is the consequence of the depth and narrowness of its rocky channel, which prevents its spreading out into inundations when swelled by the mountain torrents, while the lowness of its level, which is much below that of the Euphrates, renders it the general drain of the superfluous waters of its vast basin, and precludes its discharging them by any other channels.

Orfah, to which place the Author proceeded from Beer, is the Edessa of Roman history and of the middle ages, and is generally supposed to be the site of the ancient Ur. From its advantageous situation at the edge of a fertile plain, commanded and protected by a high hill crowned with the citadel, it must always have been a site of importance, and was long

* See Ecl. Rev. March 1827. p. 227.

considered as the capital of Mesopotamia. Its modern name is supposed to be corrupted from El Rohha or Er-rhoa, which seems to be derived from the Greek name of its celebrated fountain, called Callirrhoe. Under the Syro-Macedonian dynasty, its name was for some time changed to that of *Antiochia ad Callirhoen*. In the time of Justin, it was called, in honour of that emperor, Justinopolis. It is very possible, we think, that, in the name which it has now recovered, Urfa, there is some trace of its original appellation. Edessa was one of the last possessions retained by the crusaders, having been taken by the Attabeg chieftain, Zenghi, about the year 1144, after it had been for fifty-four years in the possession of the Christian Counts of Edessa, from whom the Courtenay family are descended. Some of the mosques are evidently the works of the Christians. The castle is thus described.

‘ The castle is seated on the summit of a long narrow hill of rock, on the S. W. of the town, near the *Birket Ibrahim el Khaleel* and the *Ain el Zilkah*. The ascent to it is by a very steep and winding path, scarped in some places into steps, in the side of the rock. The entrance is by an arched gateway and a paved passage; but the whole of the interior presents only a scene of confused ruins. The enclosed part of the hill is nearly a quarter of a mile long, though not more than one hundred yards broad. It is defended on the S. and W. by a ditch, in many parts full fifty feet deep, and about twenty wide, hewn out of the solid rock, and presenting a work of great labour. On the other quarters, it is secure by the steepness of its ascent. The wall, which rises in some places from the side of the rock below, so as to form a casing to it, has every appearance of being Saracenic, from the style of its masonry and square towers. The rustic work is seen in some parts of it, but of that inferior kind which might have been executed in any age. The interior, which is now occupied by a few poor families only, presents a scene of the most complete desolation. There are two fine Corinthian columns with their capitals, still erect, and these are seen at a great distance from every point of view. The people here called them the pillars of the gate of Nimrod’s palace! They are evidently the portion of some considerable Roman edifice.....The proportions being chaste, the size large, (upwards of six feet in diameter,) the shafis standing without pedestals, and the capitals of good workmanship, there are, upon the whole, stronger marks of pure taste, than there are peculiarities of a defective nature to be seen in them Not far from this, I noticed a portion of a ruined building, with many small square and large circular windows, which, in the general style of its construction, resembled many of the ruined Christian churches in the Hauran, and was very probably an edifice of that kind, but of a still later age. All the rest of the ruins are Mahomedan.

‘ On the N.E., this fortress completely commanded the town, and,
VOL. XXVIII. N.S. F

before the use of artillery was known, might be considered to be impregnable. At present, however, even if in its original state of repair, it would be of no defensive strength, as it is itself commanded by a higher hill on the south and south-west.' pp. 88—90.

In the cliffs and sloping sides of this hill are found many sepulchral grottoes, about 200 in number, bearing a general resemblance to those which are found at Gamala and Tortosa: they are probably Roman, though our Author is disposed to assign them a higher antiquity. About eight hours (26 miles) S.S.E. of Orfah, is the site of the ancient Harran, or Charran, where are said to be remains of a similar castle, but Mr. Buckingham was unable to visit it. The population of Orfah is estimated at 50,000 inhabitants, among whom are about 2000 Christians (Armenians and Syrians) and 500 Jews; the rest are moslems. The language chiefly in use is Turkish, especially as the medium of trade; but Hebrew, Armenian, Syriac, Kourdish, Arabic, and Persian, are all spoken here.

At a khan near this city, our Author fell in with a party of Yezedies, respecting whose religious tenets so many strange stories have been told. Nothing offends them so much, it is said, as to speak disrespectfully of Satan in their presence; and they are supposed to be a sort of Manicheans, who think it best to worship both the Good and the Evil Principle. Mr. Buckingham describes their physiognomy as resembling that of the Hindoo, more than the Arab or Turk.

' Their figures were lean and lank; their features small, but sharp and expressive; their colour not a glowing sun-burnt brown, but a deadly or sickly olive of the deepest hue; and their hair, long, black, silky, and glossy, with full mustachios and beards.' p. 119.

The name of this singular sect is derived from that of their founder Yezid, who appears to have been one of the many daring impostors who have succeeded in abusing the credulity of mankind, especially in the East; nor does it seem necessary to search any further for the origin of their rites or their opinions. If it be true, that ' they admit all the prophets and ' saints revered by the Christians,' and believe in Moses, Christ, and Mohammed, they must be a sect of modern origin. Their language is said to be the Kourdish, and their reverence for the sun may be a trace of the old Persian idolatry. ' They ' have,' it is added, ' neither fasts nor prayers, alleging, in ' justification of their omission of these works of religion, ' that their Shiekh Yezid has made satisfaction for all those who ' shall profess his doctrine to the end of the world; and that ' he received a positive assurance of this in his revelations: in ' consequence of this, they are forbidden to learn to read and

'write.' The low and detestable policy of the worthless deceiver in whose name they trust, is evidently displayed in the infernal precaution which consigned his followers to perpetual mental blindness. In representing them as worshippers of the devil, however, writers have done them some injustice; since it would seem that they understand by Sheitan (Satan), or, as they style him *Sheikh Mazen*, the great chief, some powerful being of a very different character from the Author of Evil; a power subordinate to the Supreme Being, executing his orders, and actuating those very individuals for whom they profess the highest reverence. It does not appear, that their homage to this Invisible prince of the world, leads them to propitiate his favour by any rites or sacrifices, with the exception of an annual festival, at which the nefarious mysteries of paganism are said to be emulated, and in which their practice is supposed to resemble that of the Anzeyrys and Ismailies. This infamous part of their customs may, or may not be, a part of the doctrines of Yezid: it is probably a relic of a more ancient superstition. Little dependence, indeed, can be placed on the vague information which we at present possess respecting these obscure and pitiable sectaries. *Yezdem* is said to signify *gods* in the Kourdish, being the plural of *Yezd* or *Yezdan*; and the name of Shiekh Yezid, if such a person was the real founder of the sect, would seem to have been a title of blasphemy. On the other hand, Mr. Buckingham suggests, that the *Yezdem domus* of Xenophon, may imply 'the habitations of the Yezeedies, or worshippers of Yezdan;' and if so, the name of the modern sect, and possibly some of their notions, may have been transmitted to them from remote antiquity. Their present tenets, however, must have originated in the pretended revelations of some artful impostor posterior to the establishment of Mohammedism. With regard to these tenets, there occur in different parts of Mr. Buckingham's volume, the following additional particulars, which we give as we find them, though somewhat at variance with other accounts. In journeying from Orfah to Mardin, he met another party of 'Yezideeah.'

'These men were very different in their appearance from those I had before seen at Orfah, having round, harsh features, red complexions, and stiff, wiry hair. They were said, however, to be genuine Yezeedis from Sinjar, so that there must be a variety of character and race among them. Out of the ten that we saw here, there was not one whose countenance did not bear the mark of great villany, such as might recommend them for the execution of any bloody purpose, and make them fit and faithful servants of the demon whom they were said to worship.'

'Among the new particulars which I heard of this people, it was said, that, in their sacred books, no mention is made of any superior beings except Sheitan and Eesa, or Satan and Jesus; but they paid to the former the higher honours of the two, as they did not scruple to use the name of Jesus, while that of Satan could not, even by the most cruel deaths, be extorted from them. The interview described in the Gospels, where the Devil is said to have tempted the Messiah; the instances of his sending whole legions of his inferior spirits to torment men and to possess herds of swine; and more particularly, the occasion on which the Devil is said to have taken Christ up into a high mountain, to have shewn him all the kingdoms of this world, and promised them to him if he would fall down and worship him; are all interpreted by them as favourable to the high dignity of this prince or *melek*, as they call him. This is the orthodox doctrine in the mountains of Sinjar.' pp. 161, 2.

We regret that Mr. Buckingham has omitted to state *from whom* he learned these very suspicious details. That he himself should place faith in such representations, is not a little extraordinary. The Yezeedies, who are forbidden to read and write, are here said to have 'sacred books;'—in what language or by whom written, does not appear. Then, they would seem to have a wonderfully accurate acquaintance with the Gospels of the Christians,—in a country where the New Testament is almost unknown; and they reason as learnedly and logically as any free-thinking Christian in our own country. But to proceed:

'The Yezeedis have one large church, *somewhere* in the north of Mesopotamia, which they all visit at the yearly feast; and besides this, there are many smaller ones in their native hills. The brazen image of a cock is said to be set up in their temples, as an object of adoration; but they suffer no one to enter their places of worship except themselves. Their women are most carefully concealed from public view. Blue, which is the distinctive colour of the Christians throughout the Turkish empire, is studiously avoided by them. They will neither sit upon nor touch it, as they consider it as the colour peculiarly sacred to Satan. Nevertheless, those very Christians, who are compelled to wear this distinguishing colour as a mark of inferiority imposed on them by their Turkish masters, are, in the estimation of the Yezeedis, much inferior to the Mohammedans, with whom they are generally at open war.' p. 163.

'Throughout the whole range of the mountain of Sinjar, there is now no great town, but there are still many villages. Of these, however, very little is known, as neither the Turks, Koords, nor Arabs dare to venture among the Yezeedis, by whom the mountain is chiefly inhabited. The largest town they have, is seated on an island in the middle of a lake, called *Cottoneah*, which, [by some, is said to be at the foot of the mountain in the plain, and, by others, is reported to be in the hills. My curiosity had been strongly excited

by a passage in Niebuhr, which speaks of a pyramid on this island, built in a very durable manner, and worthy the examination of travellers. All my inquiries on that head, however, brought me no satisfactory information of such a monument, though, of the Lake Cottoneah and of its central island, every body seemed to know, and all were agreed on the impossibility of any but a Yezeedi, or one under his protection, visiting it.

‘The whole of this district of Sinjar, including both the mountain and the plain, is under the power of the Yezeedis, who call this their own peculiar home, and scarcely suffer strangers to live among them. There are, however, *a few Jews*, who reside in the town of Cottoneah, on the island in the lake, and act generally as brokers for the sale and purchase of the plunder which the Yezeedis bring in from their predatory excursions. Christians, too, can go among them when under the escort of one of their own body, as they themselves so far venerate the Christian religion as to kiss the hands of the priests when they visit them at Mardin and other towns. They take the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper also from them; and, believing the wine to be the real blood of Jesus, are careful, while drinking it, not to suffer a drop of it to fall on the ground, or even on their beards.

‘There is no great head or chief of the Yezeedis as a nation; but the people of the towns on the plain and in the hills, have their own governors, distinct from the wanderers of the mountain. These stand in nearly the same relation to each other as the town Arabs and the desert ones, or cultivators and bedouins. The people of the towns live by agriculture, and such trades and manufactures as are suited to their wants. The mountaineers are in tribes, with sheikhs at their heads, and live chiefly by the plunder of caravans.....The holy city of these Yezeedis is said to be in the mountains of Koor-distan, on the east of the Tigris; and another of their celebrated religious places is one called Sheikh Khan, between Mousul and Amadia, to which they make an annual pilgrimage for the performance of some religious rites.....Between the lakes of Van and Shahee, in the north of Koor-distan, beyond the mountains, and south of Armenia, there are said to be many Yezeedis settled, while others again are scattered along the banks of the Tigris, and in the road between Mousul and Bagdad.’ pp. 264—7.

Some of these Yezeedies, we are afterwards told, (those, in particular, who inhabit the banks of the Zab river,) differ widely, in their religious tenets, from the Yezeedies of Sinjar, and consider themselves as a distinct race. If we might rely upon this hearsay information so far as to form any opinion on the subject, we should conclude, that some of the Kourdish tribes who are confounded under the general appellation of Yezeedies, have at one period embraced a mongrel Christianity, while others have received a modification of their tenets from an intermixture with Jews, and have imbibed their prejudices against both the disciples of Christ and the followers of Mo-

hammed. Father Garzoni represents them as having a great respect for the Christian monasteries in their environs, while they abstain from entering a mosque. Their hatred of blue is stated to be of not very long standing, and to have originated in the pretended revelation of one of their *kotcheks* (a species of priest or conjuror), that that colour was displeasing to *Chelibi* or *Sheitan*. Previously to that time, their women, like those of the Arabs, wore garments dyed with indigo. The existence of Jews in the midst of this equivocal race, is a very curious circumstance, and one which may hereafter be turned to good account, as presenting the readiest means of opening an intercourse with the people of the towns, and of ascertaining their real habits and customs.

Mardin is, in point of situation, one of the most extraordinary cities in the world. It is seated near the top of a high hill, which forms part of a long range of lime-stone mountains separating the plains of the Sinjar from the valley of the Tigris. These rocks are 'broken into cliffs for a short depth ' from their summits, whence the soil forms a steep but smooth ' descent, so that the square masses thus left on their tops, ' look at a distance like so many elevated fortresses.' Advantage has been taken of this in constructing the castle of Mardin, which is simply a wall raised up from the perpendicular cliff all round, and is exceedingly difficult of access. The town is built chiefly on the eastern and southern sides of the hill, in terraces like the seats of a Roman theatre; and the streets by which these terraces are intersected, are literally flights of steps, like similar cross streets at Malta. The houses are built of stone; they are generally small and of indifferent masonry. There are eight mosques, one of which is a very fine one. The population is supposed to amount to 20,000 souls, of whom about a third consists of Christians and Jews. Of the Syrians, there are reckoned 2000 houses; of the Armenians, 500; of the Armenian Catholics, 1000; of the Chaldeans or Nestorians, 300; and of Jews, 400. Mardin has been supposed to be a site of some antiquity under the name of *Miride*; but there appear to be no vestiges of antiquity, and popular tradition derives its present name from the appellation given to the fortress—*Khalat el Mare-deen*, the Madman's Castle. The whole range of mountains, however, bears the same name, *Jebel el Mardin*.

On descending from these mountains towards the Tigris, the lime-stone disappears, and is succeeded by the black porous basalt, which is so common in the Haouran and the plains east of the Euphrates. This formation is said to follow the course of the road all the way down to Jezeeret and Mousul,

and to extend up the river beyond Diarbekir, near its source. It evidently extends westward also, Mr. Buckingham says, 'probably falling into the *Kara Dag*h (Black Mountain), and 'then joining the basaltic basis of the great plains' of Sinjar. Diarbekir is seated on a mass of basaltic rock, on the west bank of the Tigris. The form of the town is nearly circular: it is walled all round, and is about three miles in circuit. At the highest point is built the citadel, now abandoned and in ruins, which commands an extensive view of the country. On the west is seen the range of *Kara Dag*h, or *Jebel el Aswad*, which are of a moderate height and regular outline, distant from ten to fifteen miles, and running N.E. and S.W. On the north are the loftier mountains of *Moosh Dag*h, over which lies the road to Erzeroum: these are about twenty miles distant, stretching from W. to E., and seemingly a continuation of Mount Taurus. To the N.N.E., the Tigris is seen winding downward from its source, about four days distant in the hills: on reaching the town, it bends to the S.W., but soon recovers, by a contrary bend, its former direction. On the N.E., another branch of the *Moosh Dag*h, with snow-capped summits, stretches in a south-westerly direction nearly parallel with the course of the Tigris, but at some distance beyond its eastern bank. On the S.E., is the undulating country which forms the lower part of the lime-stone range of *Jebel Mardin*; and on the S.W., is seen a portion of the *Kara Dag*h and the plain leading towards Orfah.

The houses of Diarbekir are all built of black basalt in the lower stories, and of dark-coloured brick in the upper ones. Its numerous minarets, towers, and garden-plots relieve, however, the sombre aspect of the buildings. Altogether, the place has a splendid and imposing appearance. Mr. Buckingham estimates the population at 50,000 inhabitants, of whom the majority are Osmanli Turks. Next to them, the Armenians are most numerous, amounting, it is said, to a thousand families, exclusive of the Armenian Catholics. They have two churches, one of which is large and richly decorated. There are but few Jews, the greater part having emigrated to other parts of the Turkish empire. Among the broken columns of black basalt which are scattered in different parts of the town, are several Ionic capitals, which, together with the columns in some of the mosques, must be referred to the times of the Lower Empire. The ancient name of the city is still in use among the Turks, who call it, on account of the black stone with which it is built, *Kara Amid*, Black Amida. Diarbekir, the name which prevails among the Arabs, is properly that of the province of which it is the capital. The Turks of Di-

arbekir have the character of being more inveterate in their hatred of Christians, than those in any other part of the empire.

Diarbekir was not in our Author's route, and he had to return to Mardin, in order to prosecute his journey to Bagdad. About eight hours from Mardin, he reached the ancient Nisibis, still called Nisibeen or Nesbin. The town stands on the western bank of the Mygdonius, which is here formed by the union of several small torrents: it is usually made to fall into the Euphrates, but Mr. Buckingham reports, on the authority of the natives, that it joins the Tigris. This was once a military post of great importance, but is now a mere village, inhabited by about 300 families of Arabs and Kourds, who have erected their huts upon the ruins of the ancient city. Among the most remarkable remains, Mr. Buckingham mentions 'the citadel, a temple, a bridge, and a Roman building, now called the church of St. James.' The citadel, however, is apparently a Saracen work. The temple, which is to the south of the present town, has five columns of a portico still standing, supporting an architrave: 'it appeared to be of the Corinthian order, but small and of ordinary execution.' Our Author's view of the place was extremely hasty and unsatisfactory, and the site deserves to undergo further investigation. Mesopotamia, however, is not the land of architecture. Its early inhabitants were dwellers in tents, and have left no traces of their existence; and the desolating conflicts of which these plains have been the perpetual theatre, have never admitted of the formation of any but a few fortified towns.

From Nisibeen, crossing the plain of Sinjar, (which has been supposed to be the Shinar of the Old Testament,) our Author proceeded to Mousul, the modern representative of the Assyrian capital. Benjamin of Tudela says, that it was anciently called 'the Great Assar,'—the name of its supposed founder. Its present appearance is 'mean and uninteresting;' its trade, once so considerable, is reduced to a very low state; and the population, Mr. Buckingham thinks, cannot amount to 50,000. It contains about fifty mosques, great and small, fourteen Christian churches, and one synagogue. Our readers can hardly require to be informed, that our word muslin is derived from the name of this town, Mousul having once been famous for its fine cottons as well as for silk goods and gold tissue.

About an hour to the N.E. of this place are found the principal mounds which are thought to mark the site of the ancient capital of Assyria. Mr. Buckingham gives the following description of this interesting spot.

‘There are four of these mounds, disposed in the form of a square; and these, as they shew neither bricks, stones, nor other materials of building, but are, in many places, overgrown with grass, resemble the mounds left by entrenchments and fortifications of ancient Roman camps. The longest of these mounds runs nearly N. and S., and consists of several ridges of unequal height, the whole appearing to extend four or five miles in length. There are three other distinct mounds, which are all near to the river, and lie in the direction of E. and W. The first of these, counting from the southward, is the one called *Nebbé Yunus*, having a tomb on it, which is thought to contain the ashes of the prophet Jonas, and a small village collected round it. The next is called *Tal Hermoosh*, which is not marked by any striking peculiarity; and the third is the one we first ascended, and which, by way of distinction, from its regularity and height, is called *Tal Ninon*, the Hill of Nineveh. There are appearances of mounds and ruins extending for several miles to the southward, and still more distinctly seen to the northward of this, though both are less marked than the mounds of the centre. The space between these is a level plain, over every part of the face of which, broken pottery and the usual *debris* of ruined cities are seen scattered about.’..... ‘In riding across this plain, we passed a small stream called *Maee Kosa* (the water of Kosa), which comes from the eastern mountains, and passing by the foot of *Tal Hermoosh*, discharges itself into the Tigris. In this hill or large mound, excavations have been made, probably with a hope of being able to extract burnt bricks for building, as is done from mounds of ruins at Babylon; but there was here no appearance of brick-work. As we passed by the mound called *Tal Nebbé Yunus*, I examined, with more attention, an opening recently made on its northern side; and here I saw, most distinctly, a section of masonry. The bricks were apparently sun-dried, two spans long, and one span deep; they were of a very coarse kind, and were united by layers of common mortar. The supposed tomb of the prophet Jonah, is in the hands of Moham-medans: it appeared to me so like the common tombs of saints seen all over the East, that, pressed as I was for time, I did not go up to visit it.’ pp. 299,—309.

On leaving Mousul for Bagdad, Mr. Buckingham travelled southward, receding gradually from the eastern banks of the river, which runs about S. S. W.

‘For the first two hours,’ he says, ‘during which the whole distance travelled was about ten miles, we continued among hillocks and mounds which had all the appearance of being formed from the wreck of former buildings. It resembled, in this respect, the indefinite remains and rubbish seen on the sites of other ruined cities, as Alexandria, Memphis, Sais, and Tanis in Egypt, and left no doubt, in my own mind, of its marking the extent of ancient Nineveh to be fully equal to the dimensions given of it by the early geographers and historians. On leaving these, we came out on a dusty plain, and soon after noon, reached the first stage, at a tolerably large

village, called Karagoash. ..In this village all the houses were constructed of sun-dried brick, cemented with mud, exactly like the masonry seen in the section of the mound at *Tal Hermoosh*, and thought to be the remains of some of the old dwellings of the Ninevites. This, indeed, must always have been the style of building used by the poor of this country, from the great expense of procuring stone (and the absence of wood). 'Stone is to be had, but not from a less distance than ten or twelve miles, which is that of the nearest range of mountains on the east; and at Mousul, the marble or veined gypsum brought from the hills to the northward is but sparingly used, even in the houses of the rich.' p. 311.

To this mode of building, the prophet Nahum evidently alludes, ch. iii. v. 14., in proclaiming the approaching fall of Nineveh; and it sufficiently accounts for the indeterminate character of the existing remains.

Between Mousul and Bagdad, the route led our Author through Arbeel, the ancient Arbela, in which the name of the Assyrian deity seems to be preserved; *Attoun Kupree* (Golden Bridge), a considerable town situated on the *Attoun-sou* (Gold river), the ancient Caprus or Smaller Zab; Kerkook (Khor-kour), supposed to be the ancient Carcha or Corcura, 'the largest town throughout the plains east of the Tigris,' and formerly an important station; Taoook, a considerable town; Koolmaty, another large place, twenty miles further; Kufree, a walled town; and *Kara Tuppé*, a village at the foot of the mountain of the same name. Bagdad has been so often described, that we shall pass over the chapter which Mr. Buckingham devotes to it, and hasten to accompany him to Babylon. We must not, however, omit to notice his account of the extraordinary monument called *Akkerkoof*, or *Kasr Nimrod*, which is found about 12 miles W. by N. of Bagdad, near a canal anciently connecting the Tigris and the Euphrates. This now shapeless mass of brick-work, which is about 126 feet high and 300 feet in circumference considerably above the real base, is supposed by our Author with some plausibility to be the remains of an ancient pyramid. It is unquestionably of the highest antiquity. The body of the structure is of sun-burnt brick, cemented by thin layers of mud; and between every five or six rows of bricks are layers of reeds, which now project beyond the brick. The whole has been coated with furnace-baked bricks, many of which are scattered about the foot of the pile. Around this detached ruin, in different directions, are long mounds and smaller heaps, with burnt and unburnt bricks, and plain and glazed pottery. These, Mr. Buckingham suggests, may possibly be those of inferior sepulchres.

Our Author has devoted eighty pages to the Ruins of Babylon, in which he has largely availed himself of the observations of his friend Mr. Rich. As he only spent two days himself in the examination of the spot, he would otherwise have been at some loss, we suspect, with all his ingenuity, in framing his elaborate dissertation. He appears, however, to have made the best of his time, and he has the merit of having examined a mound or hill, called *Al Hheimar*, at the eastern extremity of the ruins, which has not generally been noticed. This pile, he describes as between 3 and 400 feet in circumference, of an oval form, and between 70 and 80 feet in height.

‘ On ascending to its summit, we found there a mass of solid wall, about thirty feet in length, by twelve or fifteen in thickness, yet evidently once of much greater dimensions each way.... Nothing was more evident than that this was a solid mass of wall, and no part of an inhabited edifice: its appearance indicated that it had been built on an inclined slope from the westward or interior face.... The bricks were of the usual square form and size, of a reddish yellow colour, with slight appearances of chopped straw having been used in their composition. The cement used to connect the layers was extremely thin, and of the same colour as the bricks, but not of the extraordinary tenacity of that at the Kassr, nor was the masonry so neat and highly finished. The greatest peculiarity observed at this pile, was, that at intervening spaces rather wider than those of the reeds at Akkerkoof, and recurring at every fifteenth or twentieth course of bricks, appeared a layer of an extremely white substance, which was seen in small filaments on the bricks, like the crossing of fine pieces of straw. Between two of the bricks that I separated with much ease from the pile, the layer of this substance seemed about a quarter of an inch thick; the filaments were clearly discernible, and, when fresh, the whole substance was of a snowy whiteness, and had a shining appearance, like the finest mineral salts. On merely touching it, it came off in a white powder; and, on attempting with a knife to take off the layer itself, it fell to pieces like the white ashes of burnt wood. I never remember to have seen any powder so fine as this, nor ever to have observed a substance, apparently so solid as it lay between the bricks, dissipated so suddenly at the slightest touch.

‘ In the extensive view afforded us from hence, we could still perceive detached mounds, nearly in a line with the mass on which we stood, both to the north and south of this. To the west, the whole extent of Babylon, as far as the eye could reach, was spread out before us, intersected by streets and canals, and studded with isolated masses, the remains, no doubt, of detached piles of dwellings; while the level spaces, unmarked by any such vestiges, and evidently used only for cultivation, seemed to exceed the occupied part by an immense proportion of difference, perhaps of ten to one. The mound of the *Mujellibé*, or royal palace, was high in sight, and we found its bearing by compass to be W. by N. half N.; its apparent distance

from ten to twelve miles ; and its computed distance, two hours and three quarters' ride. To the eastward, all was one bare desert of yellow sand, occasionally blown into waves by the wind. We saw, beyond us, no vestiges of ruins in any shape.....The ruins of Babylon may be said, therefore, to terminate at this spot, which marks the extreme eastern boundary of the city ; and there is every reason to believe, that the elevated pile from which we obtained our extensive view, and which forms this line of demarcation, was itself a portion of its celebrated walls.' pp. 444—8.

For the arguments by which our Author supports this opinion, we must refer our readers to his volume. Taking the ruin at *Al Hheimar* for the eastern extremity of the area, and the ruin of *El Birs*, the supposed temple of Belus, for its western extremity, where the city was bounded by marshes and impassable morasses, the temple 'will be just included within the great square of 480 stadia or 15 miles on each side ;' the dimensions assigned to Babylon by Herodotus.

We must here take leave of Mr. Buckingham, tendering him our sincere thanks for the amusement he has afforded us. We should certainly have been better pleased, had he adopted a style less 'copious and diffuse,' and adhered more closely to the example of that model for travellers, Maundrell ; but this is a fault which affects neither his good faith nor accuracy, and he certainly writes in a pleasing manner, though he is too liberal of words. Upon the whole, regarding him as we do in the light of an enterprising traveller, a person of highly respectable talent and meritorious industry, and an injured and calumniated man, we have great pleasure in recommending his amusing volumes to the attention of our readers. In the event of a future edition, however, we should recommend him to omit the account, given in an appendix, of certain legal proceedings connected with his dispute with Mr. Banks. It is time that he dropped the subject, since it has ceased to be, on his part, one of just complaint, the verdict of a jury having converted it into matter of triumph. With regard to that gentleman's conduct towards Mr. Buckingham, there cannot, now, we apprehend, be two opinions ; his volumes may therefore in future be safely left to speak for themselves. Some very neat vignettes, on wood, are prefixed to the chapters, from some of the spirited sketches taken by the Author. The volume also contains a map of Mesopotamia, and a plan and views of the principal ruins at Babylon.

Art. VI. *Essays on the following Subjects :—Pleasures of Literature, Leisure, Education, Reading, Study, Conversation, Decision, Enterprise, Success, Philosophy, Classical Learning, Religion and Learning United.* By T. Hathaway. 12mo. pp. 244. Price 5s. 6d. London, 1827.

WE have read this elegant little volume with much pleasure. The subjects selected are of the first importance, as connected with mental improvement; and although the last of these essays only, has a direct bearing upon the subject of religion, there is nothing in the volume of an opposite or of a doubtful tendency. On the contrary, there is much that is adapted to smooth the path to literature, and at the same time to 'allure to brighter worlds and point the way.' Mr. H. has evidently thought for himself, and is possessed of a mind well disciplined and extensively informed. The essays upon Decision and Enterprise are admirably adapted to rouse the dormant energies of those who languish under the influence of a paralyzing despondency, who are utterly unconscious of the loss which they sustain through their own neglect, and of the intellectual wealth that might be secured by application. The lethargic student is pursued and dislodged from his usual retreats; and the earnest and pointed expostulations convince the reader, that the Author writes from experience, and may justly urge those means with confidence upon the attention of others, which have been so successfully adopted by himself.

As a specimen of the style and manner of reasoning, we shall take the following paragraphs from the last essay. Its design is 'to shew, that, when learning and piety are united in 'the same individual, they present human nature in its most 'engaging forms.'

'As it is undeniable, the Deity intended the cultivation and improvement of the mental faculties, so it seems reasonable to conclude, that he intended also these should be conducted in such a manner as is agreeable to his pleasure. Every view of the subject short of this is unsatisfactory, and beneath us as the creatures of his power, much more as the children of his grace. The infinitude of his goodness has supplied us with objects of contemplation as numerous as the stars, and we are permitted to range over a field as broad and ample as the universe. But it is evident, this indulgence is accompanied with certain restrictions. While we are permitted to expatiate on whatever is presented to the thoughts in the material or immaterial world, there are some pursuits which have a higher claim on our attention than others; and since the Majesty of heaven and earth is alone intrinsically, essentially, and eternally good, the mind is then most honourably employed, when, taking Revelation for a guide, it engages in meditations on his attributes, operations, and designs.

Every other object of study is laudable, only as it is pursued under a general intention of pleasing Him. So that to aim to improve and adorn the intellectual powers without any regard to God and to futurity, is to diminish the necessity of instruction, while it tends to make literary acquisitions appear insignificant and useless. This has been the peculiar failing of many in every department of science and learning. Look abroad into the republic of letters, and you will witness numberless examples of men, who studiously endeavoured to bring their various faculties to perfection, with no other design than to indulge their selfish passions, and to gratify their vanity. Here are the monuments of one, who, with an exuberant supply of knowledge, and a mind fraught with elegance and vigour, composed the history of remote times and ages, and impressed such a charm on the incidents, characters, and events which he brings before you, that you soon get quit of the idea of antiquity, and imagine yourself, as you pass from scene to scene, a living spectator. But he has infused into almost every page the leaven of impiety, and aimed throughout, to break down the mounds of virtue, to extinguish our confidence in heaven, to throw a veil over futurity, and "to crumble the throne of the Eternal." There are the remains of another, who was formed to look on nature with a poet's eye, to catch in their first freshness, the different hues which the seasons paint, and to pour into his verse,

"The mazy-running soul of melody."

But he had no leisure to sing of Him, by whom he was filled with his poetic inspiration: the visions of God were not deemed to be worthy of harmonious numbers, and hence, it is impossible to believe, though our hearts dilate with charity, that he is gone to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. In another direction, you behold the works of one, who seemed to be blest with an almost universal genius. Besides being acquainted with every thing peculiar in ancient and modern times, he gave his nights and days to philosophy: and yet (can you give credit to the statement?) it never occurred to him to inquire at the true source, whether he had philosophised aright. The Bible was, in his judgment, a book whose claims were extremely doubtful; and so far from sitting at the feet of the meek and lowly Jesus to receive instructions, he was not prepared to recognize in him a teacher come from heaven.

'We are formed to believe, that a soul which is immortal, is capable of a high degree of happiness; but this conviction is much more deeply imprinted, when we behold, with the rarer endowments of nature, all the advantages which the most perfect system of education can confer. That which peculiarly affects us in the examples to which we have alluded is, that so much labour and toil appear, in a great measure, to have been bestowed in vain; so many acquisitions made, which, however brilliant, are of themselves extremely disproportionate to our nature and destiny: while their unhappy possessors have run a career of distinction, without reaching the goal, or winning the prize. How different the spectacle exhibited before us, when talent and literature are blended with the graces of a re-

newed mind ! Here all is harmonious, inasmuch as the faculties have been strengthened, and knowledge and elegance acquired, with a view to obtain more just and elevated thoughts of God, a keener relish for the harmony of truth, and a more vivid impression of the beauty of holiness.

‘ When learning is consecrated to the service of religion, the lustre and excellence of that union, which we are contemplating, are very apparent. Notwithstanding the facts of inspiration are supported by clear and indubitable testimony, they have not so far consulted our prejudices and prepossessions, as to prevent doubt, or supersede enquiry. On the contrary, they have in every age met with violent opposition ; and though it is an act of great condescension on her part, Christianity is sometimes pleased to defend herself, behind the shield afforded her, by men of erudition. We have, by this means, seen her rescued from the charge of fanaticism, and her sublime mysteries clearly unfolded. When a man of liberal education assumes the profession of vital piety, but few are able to maintain their temerity, in endeavouring to prove, that this is the offspring of mere enthusiasm. The author is not so absurd as to imagine, that the person to whom he refers is not liable to what may, in some respects, be considered an unfortunate quality : but he is persuaded the examples are not numerous, in which men of cultivated minds, bow to the authority of a crucified Saviour, without examining the claims of his religion, and satisfying their reason and conscience, that these are irresistible. The poor are often stigmatized as being fanatics. Their belief of the gospel ; every feeling of which it is productive ; and every sacred duty which they fulfil, whether it be of a public or private nature, is (are) considered the result of a vain and heated imagination : and though they have those assurances which satisfy themselves, and satisfy heaven, they are not always furnished with abilities to repel the scoffings and sophistry of infidels. The man of culture and information does not labour precisely under the same disadvantages. If he fails in producing conviction, he often reduces his adversaries to a manifest absurdity. Thus the religion of the New Testament is a truly rational religion, by which is intended, not that this faculty of the mind is entitled to any authority as a judge, but that the more it is invigorated and improved, the more does the reception of divine truth appear to dignify our natures, and to protect us from the darts of the enemy. But while every accession to our knowledge evinces, that it is a most rational thing to be a Christian ; it is, at the same time, so far from favouring the supposition, that an excited state of feeling is inconsistent in such a character, that it suggests quite the contrary. For what can be conceived more contradictory, than to let loose all the ardour and vehemence of our spirits, in the pursuit of objects which are connected only with this life : and not to be penetrated and overcome by those revelations, into which angels desire to look ; which invite to the participation of glory and happiness, that are to continue to all eternity ; and in the publishing of which, the Deity hath embarked all his wisdom and goodness ?

‘ But learning never appears to greater advantage, than when she

is employed for the purpose of making religion better understood. To her we are indebted, under God, for being able to read in our own tongue, his wonderful works. She has unravelled many perplexities in regard to chronology, history, and a variety of other circumstances, artfully woven together, by the enemies of the "common salvation," to shake our faith and undermine our hopes. Through her exertions, the external evidences of Christianity have collected into a mass, which at once astonishes for its size, and for the imperishable materials of which it is composed. Nor has she been inactive in asserting the incommunicable honours of the Saviour, and the perfection of his manhood; in stating and defending the great doctrines which he came to publish; and in devising means to make the Scriptures open to every understanding, and accessible to every hand. When we reflect on the invaluable blessings which the world has derived from labours such as these, it is impossible not to feel respect and admiration for the men who have been so honourably employed. Were we called upon to produce the brightest examples of humanity, whom could we more properly select, than those fathers who in the early age of the church, protected our religion from the assaults of paganism, and the inroads of a false philosophy? or Luther and Melancthon, with their illustrious associates, who at the commencement of the Reformation nobly stood forth in the same cause, amidst the threats and imprecations of popes and cardinals? or, in fine, those holy men, who have since their days, both in our own land, and on the continent, devoted all their talents and literary acquisitions to the work of explaining the excellence of divine truth, and inviting mankind to its cordial reception? From these remarks, then, it may be seen, that learning never so much beautifies the character, as when she becomes the handmaid of religion: under every other aspect she appears insignificant, even though we should trace her through all the gradations in which she moves;—from the elevation of halls and colleges, where she is robed in her richest drapery, down to charity-schools, in which she is seen in her humblest attire.

Art. VII. *The Desolation of Eyam, &c. &c.* By William and Mary Howitt, Authors of the *Forest Minstrel* and other Poems. Fools-cap 8vo. pp. 332. London. 1827.

WE will not say through whose fault it happens, that the notes of these forest minstrels have never till now reached our ears. It seems that a volume of poetry warmly eulogized by some of our contemporaries, and favourably received by the public, has altogether eluded our notice; and we have no wish to revise, in this instance, the decision which has been ratified by the sale of the work. In the dedication of the present volume to Mr. Bernard Barton, however, its joint authors, who are said to be also members of the Society of Friends, speak

of having suffered from 'the critic's sneer' and the 'cynic's whine,' in terms which induce the supposition that they are but too keenly alive to the severity of criticism; and we feel almost glad to have been excused from the task of giving judgment upon their first production.

These poems are certainly very undeserving of being sneered at by any critic, although we can easily conceive that many of them will not altogether give satisfaction to the cynical, and we are not sure that we ourselves shall not be ranked among the latter. Upon this head, we shall explain ourselves hereafter, and shall first proceed to establish the former position by two or three specimens of the very pleasing and elegant poetry which is to be found in the volume before us. We know not that we can do better than to take for our first extract, the following spirited and delightful little

‘ ODE to BOTANY.

‘ Science of the green earth wide!
 Science of the lone hill side!
 Of the wood, and of the dell
 Where the living waters well,
 And the lonely creatures dwell;
 Of the herb, and of the tree;
 I do owe a debt to thee.
 I have owed it long, and now
 When thy fairy children bow
 Round me, flutter, breathe, and blow,
 It is time to cease to owe.
 Take a minstrel's recompense,—
 One warm song which may bear hence,
 From a grateful heart, the thrill
 Of the good remembered still,
 Though it long ago were done—

Health from thy pleasant toils, and glorious rambles won.

‘ Gentle Mistress—where are all
 The rods and frowns, and daily thrall,
 Which the gods of knowledge carry,
 Lest their votaries tire and tarry?
 Well may learned craniums doubt thee;
 Thou hast none of these about thee!
 But a pair of restless feet,
 More than Atalanta's fleet;
 Eyes that stray, like fires afar;
 Hands with flowers that laden are;
 And a tinge upon thy cheeks
 That of moor and mountain speaks.
 Sweet one! thou wilt not compel
 Those who love thee to a cell:

Save, as they roam woods and hills,
 They may find one which distils,
 Through its lichen-hidden seams,
 All the coolness of its streams,
 While the summer's drowsy sound
 And its hot airs haunt around.
 Thou dost hate the closet's gloom—
 Health's sworn foe, and fancy's tomb.
 Let the student to his attic,
 And his problems mathematic;
 Let the bard twelve stories climb,
 To the regions of his rhyme;
 Let the surgeon in dissection,
 Pore for skill, and find infection;
 Let the chemist draw a fever
 From his retort and receiver;
 Let Divinity and Law
 Teach men to find out a flaw
 In our morals and our deeds;
 But do thou put on thy weeds,
 And conduct thy scholars still,
 Over meadow, heath, and hill;
 And when these are dead and gone,
 As eagles fleet and strong, they still shall travel on.

'Happy Science! are there those
 Who can call themselves thy foes?
 Yes; the world's true drudge and schemer
 Thinks thee but an arrant dreamer;
 And the man of mood and tense
 Construes his scorn of thee for sense.
 But while he, from hour to hour,
 Gleans a Greek and Latin dower,
 And piles up in iron head
 Old words of old men long since dead;
 But leaves their deep thoughts and their lore,
 As a mad sea casts pearls on shore;
 Oh! lead thou thy youthful charge,
 Where wisdom opes her volume large.
 Curiosity shall run
 On before them in the sun.
 Exercise shall give them wealth,
 Souls of fire, and limbs of health;
 And young Joy and rosy Wonder,
 Shall tear bud and bell asunder:
 And when they, within a flower,
 See how Skill and Beauty dwell
 In the smallest floral cell,
 Like two spirits in their bower,
 They shall clap their hands and sing,
 Till with the laughing sounds, the listening heavens do ring.

‘Over earth, over earth,
Thou dost travel in thy mirth :
In the fountain and the brook,
Thou dost spread thy green-leaved book.
Thy sweet children have a place,
And look up into our face,
Like old friends, in every spot
Known, or where we hoped it not.
In some foreign and far land ;
On the ocean’s echoing strand ;
On the mountain’s silent crest ;
In some lone isle, all unblest
With the corn-slope and the lea,
There we meet with them and thee,
Looking, as ye looked before,
Standing by our mother’s door,
’Till our tears your locks bedew,
And our long exiled hearts turn home at sight of you.

‘ Oh ! sweet Science ! heaven’s roof,
With its stars and crystal woof,
With its life o’erflowing sun,
And the night’s aye-pensive nun,
Is a temple, and a shrine
Such as suits well thee and thine !
Then, while holy hymns shall swell
From each pinion-haunted dell ;
From the nightingale at eve,
When all other sweet bills leave
Their own chaunting, and confer
All their music upon her ;
While thy priests, earth’s million flowers,
Stand with their censers at all hours ;
Shedding odours, such as ran
Never round the domes of man ;
While the smallest bud which springs,
Symbols to us immortal things,
And to fainting hearts conveys
Hope, glad confidence, and praise ;
As unto him, the dauntless man
Who pierced the deserts African,
And left a dark fate, darkly told,
For his native land to hold ;
A woeful mystery, half unweaved—
Vouched, feared, yet fondly disbelieved :—
As unto him, when sore distress
O’ertook him in the wilderness ;
When courage failed, and dark Despair
Scowled on him in the withering air,
And home-thoughts in his heart sprung up—
The bitterest drops in his bitter cup ;

As then—a little flower could reach
 His spirit's core, and proudly preach
 Of Him whose eye-lids never fall ;—
 Of Love, which watcheth over all ;—
 While all these shall be, sweet Science !
 Thou may'st breathe a meek defiance
 To thy scorers, and thy train
 Find out one flowery path, even through this world of pain.'
 pp. 256—263.

In our next specimen, which is at once serious and playful,
 a happy use is made of a natural and touching thought.

‘ THE PEN.

‘ Arrow of my most secret will !
 Thy little point can cleave
 Earth's distance, and unerring still,
 Its wondrous aim achieve.
 Whether to far-off friend or foe
 I bid thee speed my thought ;
 Who know me—or shall never know—
 My genie, thou away wilt go—
 'Tis done ! my wish is wrought.
 Howe'er concealed—however strange
 Be they with whom I would exchange
 Ideas—it matters not : by thee,
 As present, they commune with me.

‘ Oh ! could'st thou travel, travel on
 To other worlds sublime,
 How long ago should'st thou have gone
 Beyond the sphere of time !
 Right through its stern, impervious bound ;
 Through this mysterious veil
 Which still is felt, and felt around,
 But never can be seen, or found,
 Except by those who sail
 Into that gulf whose tide of fear
 Bears no returning voyager here ;
 Suffers no syllable to tell
 Whate'er on that dark flood befel.

‘ Oh ! could'st thou speed but o'er that sea,
 What questions thou should'st bear :
 What marvels might be told by thee,
 Of what is passing there !
 What yearnings of the anxious soul ;—
 What fears might be allayed !
 Then should man know the awful whole
 Of mystery, on the eternal scroll,
 In instant light displayed.

But no!—it cannot—need not be!
A voice *has* risen from that sea;
A word of gladness high and sure,
Telling that bliss awaits the pure.

‘ It is enough!—to bear—to wait—
Must be our lot awhile.
Yet, as we linger in this state,
Thy power can make it smile.
Turn then in gladness to thy task:—
Speed knowledge through the earth:
Shed beauty on life's frolic masque;
And, where domestic spirits bask,
Watch o'er affection's birth.
Be thou a talisman of life
Where woe is sure, and death is rife;
And fly thee now, and say to one,
Through thee, we shall be friends anon.’

We do not pretend to be able to discriminate the poems of William from those of Mary, but shall give as a varied specimen, the stanzas entitled, *Human Destiny*, which are, at least, in a loftier strain.

‘ Our prime stars sink; our crowned ones depart;
They who have shone before us from the days
Of youngest life;—and they who seemed to start
Suddenly forth in glory's proudest blaze,
Are falling!—falling!—as, if nought could save
Them, and the splendour of our age,—they go;
And in the darkness of the eternal grave
The laurelled heads lie low.

‘ The old, accustomed faces which have met
Our out-goings ever, year succeeding year;
The old, familiar friend, whose form was set
Before us, like a tower against all fear;
The latest found, but—Oh! the noblest minds,
Warm hearts and brilliant spirits disappear;
And life's green tree, torn by tempestuous winds,
Stands leafless, though not sere.

‘ But what is this? The language and the cry
Of sorrowing man, in every age and nation,
Which gave him birth, to wonder, weep, and die;
The pride, the sport, the mystery of creation.
Born to behold how death sweeps down all other
Beautiful beings, and then to have his doom;
Whilst Nature, like a most unnatural mother,
Smiles on her children's tomb.—

' Yes ! smiles un pitying, and unshuddering keeps
 Her way in peace and glory, whilst the blood
 Of slaughtered hosts her flowery bosom steeps :
 The flame-winged earthquake, and the greedy flood
 Consume their thousands ; and each strange disease
 Walks forth in scorn to wither up the might
 Of populous cities, and the joyful ease
 Of homes embowered in light.

' Calmly the sun shines on the crushing tread
 Of a vast empire's armies, forth in all
 Their dreadful will, o'er suffering kingdoms led ;
 As calmly shines upon that empire's fall.
 Thousand on thousand of revolving years,
 Has fled o'er human ignorance, human crime ;
 Yet lo !—the earth, how lovely she appears !
 The cold heavens how sublime !

' Thus, in an hour of darkness, did the foe
 Of my heart's quiet and the hopes of man,
 Breathe blackness o'er my musings ; and a woe,
 Like the last pang of Nature, through me ran.
 When, suddenly, from the soul's deepest dwelling,
 There rose a glow of comfort, and a voice
 As of a mighty prophet, who, dispelling
 The darkness, said—" Rejoice !"

' " And is it thus, thou feeble one ?" he cried,
 " That God hath given thee a discerning power
 To see how love and beauty, side by side,
 Wait on thee ; and dost feel in every hour
 A sympathy of joy with all that lives,
 And deathless thoughts which are not sent in vain ;
 But thy soul's bark heaven's own sure impulse drives
 Into the eternal main.

' " Then well may earth be glad :—then well may sail
 Nature sublimely on her course for ever ;
 Knowing that stars may sink, that worlds may fail,
 But Time, or Death, have (has) not the power to sever
 Man's radiant soul from life ;—but still her eye
 Beholds him, when the cold earth closes o'er him,
 Come forth to all the brightness of the sky,
 With not a cloud before him." '

We must confess that the more familiar and unambitious effusions please us best. For example, ' the Two Voyagers' is a beautiful and pathetic story : Wordsworth would not have told it better. ' Death in Spring' is another simple and affecting ballad ; a term we use in no disparaging sense. ' Cows-lips,' ' Summer and the Poet,' ' the Presage,' and a ' Sister's Recollections,' might also be referred to as very pleasing poems equally creditable to the poetic taste and talent, and

the heart of the Writer. The above extracts, however, will sufficiently recommend the volume to our readers; and we must now whisper a few words in the ears of the Authors.

William and Mary Howitt are understood to be members of the Society of Friends; a circumstance which might at one time have excited surprise, but the poetical works of Bernard Barton and Wiffen have fully vindicated Quakerism from the imputation of forbidding the expansion of genius and the cultivation of poetic taste. It is a matter with which the public have little concern, to what religious communion a writer of poetry belongs; nor should we have adverted to the circumstance in the case before us, had it not been publicly intimated in such a way as to awake some surprise at the extremely anti-quakerish character of the volume itself. Judging from internal evidence, we should infer that our information must be erroneous. We do not mean that, in the sentiments avowed, there is any direct contrariety to the tenets of Friends; but the florid, *dressy* phraseology sometimes employed, the partiality discovered for the heathen mythology, and we must add, the affectation of classical diction and allusion by which we are occasionally offended, are so little in unison with the genius of Quakerism, not to say with genuine religious taste, that we do not wonder if *such* specimens should have excited the cynic's dissatisfaction. Must we instance a few passages? The Ode to a Nightingale, though not devoid of poetic beauty, abounds with such improprieties.

‘ When poesy divine
Made visible glory by the sacred spring,
Thou wast a voice unto the mystic nine,
At midnight warbling (warble-ing).

‘ Then, from his dreamy mood,
A marvel to himself, the poet sprung,
In spiritual might, like one with youth renewed,
And smote his lyre, and sung.’

‘ Oh! as thou wast to him,
Touching his spirit with ethereal fire,
Be priestess unto us, and our cold, dim,
And soul-less clay inspire!

‘ Aye, sing, thou rapturous bird;
And though my spirit bear the impress of ill,
Yet, from the *holy* feeling thou hast stirr’d,
Thy power remaineth still.’

We do not know that this poetic nonsense would have provoked any remark from us, had we met with it in the pages of Keats or Barry Cornwall; but it is strangely out of character

in a Christian poet. No one, indeed, would imagine that the Writer had ever listened to a nightingale, except in a cage ; or he would have known better than to charge the said rapturous bird with rousing ' from deep rest, mother and sleeping child.' We have heard, indeed, of a gentleman resident not far from London, who was so much disturbed by the noise they kept up in his grounds, that he actually rose from his bed to go shooting nightingales by moonlight ! And if they broke the rest of his wife and children, he might almost be forgiven the sacrilege. We have some tolerable acquaintance with the midnight songster, however, and must take the freedom to say, that its voice is not at all like a ' trumpet,' and that we never knew a child roused from sleep by its loudest performance. But this by the way. In the Record of Poetry, we meet with such startling lines as—

' And there young Bacchus roams, with vine-wreathed brow ;
And list that sylvan pipe ! 'tis Pan that warbles now.'

In the reference made to the British poets, the Author of *Don Juan* is coupled with the poet of *Paradise Lost* ! Wordsworth, Campbell, Rogers, and Southey are then mentioned, Cowper and Montgomery being deemed unworthy of such high company ; but not so the Author of *Little's Poems*—

' And, like the chime of " merry marriage bell,"
Our own *Anacreon's* song does even the Greek's excel.'

We are next told of lady-poets, whose strains would have done no wrong to ' the sweet Lesbian's fame,'—doubtless a compliment to L. E. L. ' *The Maid of Sestos*' is the title of a distinct poem, which is, oddly enough, succeeded by ' *Penn and the Indians*.' Once more, in the *Island Patriots*, the poet who has made *Penn* his theme, thus sounds the war-trump.

' We all, a Christian band,
At one altar bent the knee ;
And God will bare his red right hand
For you in victory.'

If Mary and William Howitt are not members of the Society of Friends, they can lie under no obligation to pay regard to the conscientious objections which pious Christians of that communion might raise against such passages as these. Waiving, however, the apparent inconsistency of such martial language, we think that the praise of *Anacreon Moore* might have been as well suppressed in a volume, one of the Authors of which is a woman and a wife. If William wrote this, Mary should have cancelled it. As a matter of taste

merely, it is high time that Pan and Bacchus were consigned 'to the moles and the bats,' or confined, at all events, to their own territories.

We must confess that, in one important respect, the volume has disappointed us. It is dedicated to Bernard Barton, but we recognise in it nothing akin to that simple-hearted evangelical piety, that devout feeling and Christian spirit which charm and interest us in his writings. On the contrary, poetry seems the idol to which these minstrels have consecrated every power and affection of their souls; and Byron is the almost adored high-priest of their shadowy divinity. The following stanzas are an elegant but licentious apology for his melancholy prostitution of surpassing talents.

‘ He joyed to stand
 Battling with men's opinions, and to be
 The dauntless Ismael of the age, whose hand
 Rose against all, whilst all, in their degree,
 Paid back his blows with wrathful rivalry.
 He erred—he suffered:—he provoked the dread
 And rancour of the many; and even he
 Who scorned to groan, yet sometimes inly bled.
 But sacred rest he now! we war not with the dead.’

* * * * *

‘ Peace, pardon, pity, a relenting sense
 Follows youth ever to the desolate tomb,
 Even when most cold and cruel the offence;
 But Byron's soul had a refreshing bloom;
 There was a stirring grandeur in his gloom;
 And he has left us, in his peerless lays,
 A kindling solace for the drearest doom;
 A fountain of deep joy, which, as it plays,
 Shall gladden, and gleam on to earth's remotest days.’

‘ “Pride,” as he sang, “which not a world could bow,”
 Pride, linked to fiery feeling, with the meed
 Of Genius given, and restless in its glow,
 Urged him in sunny climes his life to lead;
 And, like the desert's wild, untutored steed,
 Which, whether stricken or soothed, foams, curvets still,
 From custom's thrall, by desperate vigour, freed,
 He made himself sole monarch of his will,
 And used, with Protean power, the poet's heavenly skill.’

‘ At times a giant, clad with might, he rose,
 And in his sportive joyance, or his rage,
 Would shake the temple of man's sole repose;
 And all that soothes life's melancholy stage,
 Hope's ardent song, the authority of age,

The works of wisdom trembled to their fall :
 Then suddenly his wrath he would assuage,
 And, with a laugh whose merriment had gall,
 He left them, but as things he valued not all.' p. 308.

' His lays are dashed with evil—yet they breathe
 A loftier spirit into him who hears.
 He hated hotly—yet he knew to wreath
 Affections round him. I beheld the tears
 And agony of those who loved for years,
 And followed to the last : and whilst the name
 Of Greece, or love, or liberty endears,
 His life's bright close young bosoms shall inflame
 To grasp, with generous hands, the coronal of fame.

' I stood beside his tomb. The crowd had fled :
 Silence and twilight gathered o'er the cell.
 I laid my hand upon his dreamless bed,
 And on my heart life's awful mystery fell.
 And was it hence, I cried, were wont to well
 Forth those bright gushings of eternal thought ?
 They are gone—we know not whither—and the spell
 Which with fierce passion, fire, and feeling fraught
 This agitated frame, is vanished—as 'twere nought.

' Rest in thy tomb, young heir of glory, rest !
 Rest in thy rustic tomb, which thou shalt make
 A spot of light upon thy country's breast,
 Known, honoured, haunted ever for thy sake.
 Thither romantic pilgrims shall betake
 Themselves from distant lands. When we are still
 In centuries of sleep, thy fame shall wake,
 And thy great memory with deep feelings fill
 These scenes which thou hast trod, and hallow every hill.'

pp. 310, 11.

We have no wish to depreciate the poetic merit of these lines ; but they do not describe Lord Byron's real character ; and as to the sentiment with which they close, how far does it rise above atheism ?

Glory and honour, immortality,
 The amaranthine wreath, a deathless fame,—
 Whose shall these bright rewards of virtue be ?
 Vain is the echo of an earthly name,
 When far from human praise or human blame
 The spirit flies, its earthly part laid down.
 There, there is glory, or eternal shame,
 The Saviour's plaudit or the Judge's frown.
 O for the good man's death ! O for the Christian's crown !

Art. VIII. *American Sketches.* By a Native of the United States. 12mo. pp. 412. Price 10s. London. 1827.

THE physician tells us, that nothing sits more heavy upon the stomach than pastry and other such *light* articles; and nothing, in our opinion, reads so heavy as much of what is called *par excellence* light reading. 'The taste of the present day,' says the Author of the present volume in his Dedication, 'both in England and America, is for light reading. That the following pages are sufficiently light, is a merit which I am afraid will not be denied them.' They are indeed more than sufficiently light, as regards their intrinsic value, considerably under-weight; but whether this be a merit, the public must judge. The Author seems to have had materials and capabilities for producing an interesting volume; but he has mixed so large a portion of alloy with the genuine metal, as to vitiate and discolour the whole coinage of his mind. Some of his descriptive sketches, given in fewer words, would have been interesting; but they are overlaid by verbiage, and his narrative is perpetually losing itself in endless digressions. The general impression produced by the work is, that the Author has dissipated and frittered away the manly energies of his mind by a sort of intellectual dandyism. 'In fancy a dreamer, an enthusiast in blood,' he has sacrificed his imagination and ardour to Circean pleasures, the votary and victim of a childish frivolity. For this, we regret to find, England and English society have in some sense to answer. English literature has supplied the vicious and effeminate models upon which our young American seems to have formed his taste; and we are restrained from the severity with which we might otherwise be disposed to visit such literary misdemeanours in transatlantic writers, by the consideration that our own authors are the original offenders, that it is our faults which they imitate, and which are re-produced in American literature, the echo and copy of our own.

An exception to this remark may seem to lie in the writings of Washington Irving, whom this Writer may, perhaps, have attempted to imitate. But, without meaning to deny his originality, the charm of Geoffrey Crayon arises from his being so pure an English writer, and so faithful a copyist of the best English models. It is his exquisite good taste, and quiet, gentlemanly manner, and old-school humour and naiveté, which will secure his better productions a permanent popularity.

The best things in the present volume are the descriptions of American manners and scenery. The following comparative view of American cities, is no unfavourable specimen.

' Alas! we have no London in America! No parks, squares, palaces, nor places; no Kensington Gardens, no Tower, no Westminster Abbey, no—yes, we have sundry shot-factories. There are covered bridges over the Schuylkill, to be sure; but what are they to those of Waterloo and Westminster? And then there is the Thames—"Father Thames," as Gray very piously calls the old river,—with its coal-boats, its pleasure-boats, its Lord Mayor's barge, its magnificent Greenwich Hospital, Richmond Hill, and Hampton Court! Sad to think! the Republican rivers of North America are content with the trees that grow upon their banks, and the birds that make music on their waters.

' The Schuylkill, undoubtedly, can boast of Pratt's Gardens, and those of old Bartram, the traveller, together with the far-famed water-works; but this is all—and even this is deprived of those magical associations that throw an indescribable charm around the humblest object that meets the eye, in wandering over the face of nature, in traversing the cities, and gliding upon the waters of "old Europe's lettered climes." I really do believe that I shall become in the end a convert to Mr. Alison's theory of association; and conclude, with that ingenious and eloquent writer, that there is no beauty in objects independent of the mind's action upon them. Yet, let me do justice to nature as displayed in the wilds of the new world. She seems to have taken refuge from the encroachments of civilization in the east, to repose her mighty limbs upon the dizzy steep of the tumbling cataract, or the measureless summits of the Cordilleras in the west. You behold her there in all her moods and forms, from the blessed sunshine sleeping in her valleys, to the loud tempest flushing upon her cliffs—where he will furl his dreadful banners, and then walk muttering like an angry giant over the summits of the far hills. The influence of this nature is seen and felt even in the most crowded cities of the north. There is an air that comes breathing upon you in the busiest marts, whispering to you in the midst of the human hum, the densest haunts of men, that nature is still around you, her rocks, her caves, her valleys and her wildernesses, that ever and anon re-echo back the din and tumult of the city.

' In New York, for instance, which is even unconscious of being overlooked by the mighty Highlands, whose awful brows appear to frown upon you from afar. In Boston, there is a perpetual bloom and fragrance hovering around the brilliant skirts of the city. Ascend to the top of the State House, on the hill near the Mall, and what a prospect opens around you! It has been pronounced by travellers one of the finest in the world; and I have sat for hours contemplating from that height a scene which, unlike those of art, never ceases to instil into the mind the spirit of its own hues, the *feeling* that lives and breathes in nature. From that elevation, the eye discovers the cloudy summit of the Blue Hill (a distant chain of the great Alleghany) stretching far into the west—whence, I have been told, one of the naval engagements of the war of 1812 was witnessed by a number of persons, who saw the flashing and heard the thunder of the cannon.

‘In Philadelphia, you have the solitude of woods on every hand. You see them rising like a natural barrier behind, and stretching along the romantic banks of the Schuylkill, not twenty yards from which is the elevated level of the water-works, whence you look back and down upon the city, with its steps of pure white stone, its airy and elegant streets, laid down in regular squares (not such squares as you have in London), and lying like a beautiful gem in the lap of nature. The approach to Baltimore is peculiarly and strikingly picturesque. There is nothing like it in this, and I doubt whether it has a parallel in any other country. The city is suddenly disclosed to the traveller, when he gets within about five miles of it, by the recession on either hand of the thickly embowered woods that rise in one uninterrupted cluster in front of it, as if for the purpose of surprising the stranger by abruptly and unexpectedly opening, and revealing to him the city sleeping upon the gentle verge of its beautiful bay. Richmond, in Virginia, commands, from its elevated site, a prospect of a different kind, but not less captivating. In approaching the city, the first object that strikes the traveller is its majestic Capitol, towering in the distance. You ascend the summit of this building, and the eye at once rests upon a far extended range of rich plantations, exhibiting their cultured fields of rice, the vetch, and oat, in all the bloom of the abounding harvest.

‘You go to Petersburg, a few miles to the south, and they take you immediately to see the rock, from the basin of which the beautiful Pocahontas was wont to quench her thirst; and around which are still existing various Indian remains, that impart a wild attraction to the spot.’

‘The fact is, that, in the American cities, all the better sort of people, who are not either lawyers or doctors, are utterly and hopelessly *idle*—lounging languidly from morning to night, from one end of Broadway to the other, in New York—Cornhill, in Boston—Chestnut-street, in Philadelphia—Baltimore-street, in the city of that name—and King-street, in Charleston. It is, indeed, truly melancholy to see the greater part of them—who, having nothing else to do, stick themselves at the corners of the streets, discussing the affairs of the nation, and, but too frequently, the affairs of their neighbours—or lolling on the benches of a mineral shop (not always to patronize the accommodating dispenser of soda); yet, occasionally condescending, with an air of exquisite *ennui*, to call for a glass—employed, for the most part, in criticising the dress of the ladies who may happen to pass—the last *tea-fight*—or, peradventure, Mr. Cooper’s last novel.’

‘In Charleston, they are addicted, in the summer season, to what they themselves emphatically term *tea-fights*, thus unconsciously satirizing themselves and their own folly.

‘Whether it is that the gentlemen contend for the cakes and other sweets, or that the party assembled have to encounter and buffet, as well as they may, the hot tea, hot weather, and moschettos, I will not

undertake to determine ; and yet, without knowing why exactly, I cannot help thinking the name given to these hot-water meetings a most appropriate one. The good people assemble together, apparently, for no other purpose in the world but that of being miserable ; and, at the same time, perhaps, to seek that sympathy which is said to alleviate affliction. When the forlorn guests have fairly seated themselves, the gentlemen generally at one end of the room, and the ladies at the other, looking unutterably disconsolate—the latter with their fans in perpetual motion, fuming and *feazing*, and the former fearlessly applying their handkerchiefs to allay the throbbings of their temporal arteries—the formidable waiter of tea then makes its appearance, borne by a huge Black, from the exhalations of whose ebony brows a dainty drop, perhaps, mingles itself by way of adding richness to the flavour of the imperial gunpowder. The little Imp, with his tray of sweets, “ follows hard upon ”—shrewdly and slyly eying the contents of the baskets, the macaroons, wafers, and other dainties—nibbling them, perhaps, when he gets on the stairs. Thrice goes its round the unconscionable waiter, and thrice, perhaps, the cups are emptied ; after which come the musk and water-melons, apples, pears, grapes, and nectarines—the whole garden of Pomona seems transferred to the drawing-room.

‘ It is a little singular that this vile custom of cooping themselves up within sultry walls to gorge cakes and sip hot tea, should be ridiculed by the very people most addicted to it. They have the good sense to see the folly of the thing, but have not the virtue to renounce it. Social intercourse in the higher classes in Charleston is constrained, for the most part—the very natural consequence of their living secluded lives the greater part of the year—resembling the English in this respect more than any other people in America. I do not mean to say, from my personal observation, that society in London is formal ; for I have had no intercourse with it whatever, nor am likely to have—but this is the reputation they enjoy among foreigners—if I am wrong, I shall probably be set right.

‘ In the northern cities of America, you are presented with a very different state of things—there the people mix a great deal more together—even in Philadelphia, where they are less gay and volatile than their neighbours of Baltimore, New York, and Boston. It has been said, that society in these cities is not so elegant and refined as it is at the south ; generally speaking, perhaps, it is not—and yet, what do we mean when we talk of society generally ? The upper classes at the north are quite as polished as those of any other part of the world. The fact seems to be, that the extreme *reserve* of the south is contrasted, generally, with the more frank and easy manners of the north ; and the result of this contrast has been supposed to be in favour of the south. Thorough-bred Carolina ladies or gentlemen are, undoubtedly, very elegant and fascinating people ; and the secret charm of their manners consists in its mildness and delicacy—those softer shades, which nothing but the most exquisite polish can impart ; but does it follow from this, that elegance of manners is incompatible with a certain degree of easy frankness ? I should think

not. Southern gentlemen are considered at the north, *perfect gentlemen*; while those of the north are more professedly and devotedly ladies' men—and, as if by way of reciprocating the compliment, are considered at the south as enjoying precisely the advantages which southern gentlemen at the north are supposed to possess.'

pp. 32—36.

In the following paper, on 'Country Seats in Carolina,' we have the following description of the general condition of the slaves.

'On the vast rice and cotton plantations of the south, you see these degraded and degrading people moving in shoals with axes, spades, hoes, and the various implements of agriculture, to the Dead March in Saul, goaded on by an unfeeling and brutal task-master, an overseer or over-looker, who never dreams of numbering the minutes by counting the toil-wrung drops from their weather-beaten brows. In most of the large farms and plantations of South Carolina, Georgia, Virginia, and Tennessee, this unfortunate class of people are allowed nothing but *cracked corn*. This, at least, was the case when I was a boy. They have mills, to be sure, where they may grind it to a softer consistency; but I have repeatedly seen them put it into the pot precisely in the state in which it is given to horses. Indeed, the quadrupeds fare, in general, infinitely better than the poor black bipeds.' p. 45.

After reading this, we could hardly expect to find the Writer ridiculing the idea of abolishing slavery, and in the most flip-pant style insisting upon the total uselessness of Bible and Missionary Societies, of Bell and Lancaster schools, 'when 'opposed to the retreating forehead and depressed vertex' of the negro. We have the usual common-place—'In the first 'place, they are the laziest class of mortals upon the earth'—except their masters and mistresses;—'the moment' the proprietors 'give up their slaves, they must give up their lands,' &c. &c. As if the habits and disposition of the degraded slave, whether in bondage or emancipated, whether a beast of burden, or a discarded and despised free pauper,—were any criterion by which to judge of the real capacity of the negroes under a system which should restore them at once to the rights and the intellectual rank of human beings! This Writer himself speaks of having witnessed a favourite negro, 'who had 'been a butler in the family but had lost his place in consequence of some fault,—working the ground, under a broiling 'sun, with an energy and earnestness that seemed intended to 'atone for the error he had committed.'

'He completed the task that had been assigned him, much earlier than any of the other negroes about him; for he was a fellow of great strength; and, with a generosity that might have put to the blush

many a whiter skin than his own, applied himself to the assistance of two females near him, whose tasks (the females have one acre a-piece assigned them) he completed with an alacrity and celerity that delighted and astonished me. On my return to the house, I met my father; I told him what I had witnessed, and earnestly begged him to forgive poor Ned.....The generous negro was reinstated in his former functions, of which he never afterwards proved unworthy.'

pp. 50, 1.

And this was an individual belonging to a race who are represented as physically incapable of being trained to industry or instructed in religious truth!—Were we not accustomed to meet with all sorts of contradictions and inconsistencies in the apologists for slavery, we should believe that the present Writer meant in irony what he has advanced as an objection to all attempts to raise the character and condition of the slave; and the manner in which he holds up to deserved ridicule the South Carolina *eloquence*, would have led us to mistake him for an abolitionist, had he not taken care to tell us in a note,—

'If I have satirized the Slave Act, (and my kinsfolks, I am very sorry to say, are all slave-holders,) it is because, on the occasion that gave rise to that act, they transgressed the bounds of national decency, and permitted themselves to address the general government in a tone that was very far from being either decorous or prudent.'

This apology is, indeed, almost as severe a satire as the paper itself, which we must give entire.

'To the Senate and House of Representatives in Sessions at Columbia, S. C.

'Touching the Third Section of the late Act passed by your honourable body, entitled, "An Act for the better regulation and government of Free Negroes and Persons of Colour, and for other Purposes, &c." the following Memorial respectfully sets forth: That, whereas, the right of self-preservation being a right inherent in the nature of man, derived from the great original source of all law, the gracious and Almighty Framers of the universe, and sanctioned by the concurring opinion of all men in all time, it is with feelings of great and peculiar anxiety, that your Memorialists have been led to observe a deliberate spirit of conciliation and concession towards the general government, actuating the deliberations of your deliberating and honourable body, upon the momentous question lately submitted to your legislative wisdom, and which now occupies your grave attention—the question as to the right vested by the great National Charter in our constitution as a sovereign and independent State, the right of governing ourselves within our own precincts in our own way—which right, as aforesaid, resolves itself into the great original right, guaranteed by nature unto man, the right of self-preservation. Your honourable body do not require to be told that, as a sovereign and

independent State, we, in common with the rest of our sister States, have the right of making all such laws as we may deem essential to our interests and well-being as a State, provided that such law, or laws, do not tend to contravene the spirit or the letter of the great Charta of the nation. The Attorney-general of the U. S., one of the many constitutional expounders of the said great Charta of the nation, called upon—in consequence of the absurd and impertinent remonstrances of a foreign minister (a minister acting under the instructions of an insidious power, a power hostile to our progressing interests as a free and great people), the Attorney-general, we repeat, called upon by the President of the United States, in consequence of the remonstrances of Mr. Stratford Canning, to expound sundry clauses of the national constitution, more particularly the 3d Paragraph of 2d Section, Article 1st, has so far compromised his honour and the best interests, not merely of this State, but of the country at large, as, by pronouncing the most extraordinary opinion that ever went abroad from the bench, or the walls of any court of law or of equity, to connive at the insolent pretensions and double views of interest, entertained by the most *consolidated* and aspiring power among the nations. Gentlemen! we must not allow ourselves to listen to any proposed amendment of the constitution upon this subject, affecting, as it does, a peculiar set of interests—interests not participated in but by three or more States of the four-and-twenty that compose our Union. No! Gentlemen! They are jealous of us, of our agricultural prosperity, and of our *otium cum dignitate*, in the north, and in the east, yea, even in the west! They say, our hands are white and delicate, and our complexions like the lily, while theirs are embrowned by toil, and hardened by the labours of the plough! Does not this, Gentlemen, evince a spirit of jealousy? It does, Gentlemen—and we will not submit to be dictated to by the worst passions of selfish man! We will listen to reason, but not to the suggestions of envy! And are not, we repeat, our neighbours envious of us—our neighbours of the north, of the east, and of the west? They are, Gentlemen! They envy us, and every thing that is ours—our “ox, and our ass, our man-servant and our maid-servant”—yea, Gentlemen, every thing that is ours! Gentlemen! what are not the immunities and the privileges that we enjoy, possessing, as we do, this peculiar species of property? Gentlemen! you have all enjoyed its blessings! Lords of the soil—a soil fertile in those great staples that uphold our country abroad, rice and cotton (in fevers, say our envious neighbours, that sweep us from the face of the earth, as do the winds the sands of the desert, but do not believe them), living under a climate happily congenial with the fruits of the agriculturist—though our neighbours would fain persuade us that it is a climate of fogs, and mists, and pestilential vapours,

—Where Genius sickens, and where Fancy dies!—

blessed, Gentlemen! with these privileges and immunities, favoured thus by nature, and by nature's God, let us not lightly listen to any crafty suggestions that may tend to give a *national bias* (for that

would be a wrong one, inasmuch as it would not comport with our peculiar interests) to those grave and cautious feelings which we have hitherto brought to preside over our deliberations upon this important and interesting subject. No, Gentlemen! we sincerely hope, in the characteristic language of our stubborn brother of the "*Mercury*" (and he is a "graven," yea, a "brazen image," Gentlemen! before whom we bow down and worship), we do sincerely hope, Gentlemen! "that nothing is further from your intention than a disposition to recede, or to modify the act." Once do that, Gentlemen! and the die is cast! You compromise your honour, and you sign away the inheritance of your sires! Gentlemen! look at our situation at home! Look at the comforts that surround the Carolina planter! Look at the princely, the almost eastern state of aristocratic and of lordly ease, in which he lives, and moves, and breathes—his "being's end and aim!" Who is so independent as the Carolina planter? From his gothic window, what a scene presents itself, what a blissful prospect greets his eye! Lo! in distant perspective, view the naked helots of the soil! See with what facility the smiling earth yields to the genial hand of culture! Behold the grateful slave! Mark in his discoloured eye the unutterable feelings stirring at his heart! View on his weather-beaten brows the genial dew of toil—attesting, as it falls, the generous ardour that inflames his breast!

Our neighbours reproach us with what they term the hardships and the sufferings of our slaves. Gentlemen! their hardships and their sufferings attest their virtue! Did not our blessed Saviour endure hardships and sufferings? How else (though, truly, he spake "as man never spake") could he have been known to be the Son of God? But Gentlemen! are they not our slaves? Can we not, with impunity, load them with irons, and goad them with the lash? And do we not do it? And, Gentlemen! is their condition a whit the worse for this? Do they not thrive under this regimen? Gentlemen! they do. Gentlemen! heed not the wailings of Mr. Peter Petrie—heed not the angry remonstrances of Mr. Stratford Canning! The President, the Secretary of State, the Attorney-General of the U. S., Gentlemen! can have no sympathy with us. Mr. Adams, Gentlemen! will ere long go out of office (or, peradventure, like his illustrious predecessor, Mr. Madison, he may flee at the dead hour of the night, to avoid the sad appearance of being turned out of office)—Mr. Clay despairs of the presidential chair—and Mr. Wirt, "secure on fortune's top," cares as little about the opinions of others, as his own. Gentlemen! we are a free people! And what is liberty if we are not allowed to do as we please? The power, Gentlemen! to do as we please, constitutes the blessing, constitutes, Gentlemen! the very definition of the term. In England, Gentlemen! they do not enjoy this blessing—they are not a free people! In that unhappy country, Gentlemen! every man is not eligible to the national representation—although he may, possibly, become a Lord Mayor, or a Chief Justice. Whereas, under our wise institutions, Gentlemen! the moment a man attains to the legal

age (provided he knows how to write his name), he is forthwith sent, with or without his consent, first to the State Legislature, and afterwards to the Congress. Not so in England, Gentlemen! In that country, it is not quite so easy a matter to become an M. P., as it is to become an M. C. with us. There, gentlemen! those luckless political aspirants who have not the means wherewithal to purchase a seat in the Parliament, are thereby driven to the unseemly expedient of exhibiting their precious patrician persons from sundry sheds and other such parliamentary places, comprehended under one expressive generic, *Hustings* (the name of a very ancient Court of Common Pleas, held before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London), and thence, in good set terms, holding forth to a gaping, and sometimes to a roaring multitude (as the wit or the wisdom of the orator may abound), enumerating, with the most unblushing complacency, their various good qualities and qualifications, like St. Augustin at his beads, or Abelard (unsexed by Rodolphus and old Fulbert), at his faith's confession—while the wealthy nobles, proprietors of unsound boroughs, may command the votes of their tenants—trusting to their purses for the rest. Political ambition with us, Gentlemen! is the first of virtues! Its rewards among us are dazzling, yet only commensurate with the talents and the worth which they elicit. And thus it is that we are a nation of politicians. They say abroad that we have no literature! The reproach, Gentlemen! is the poor alternative of national envy, which sickens at our increasing prosperity. Gentlemen! we want no literature. We have books upon the law, and upon agriculture in abundance—and what more can we desire? Gentlemen! instead of founding a national university, with liberally endowed professorships, that may enable those who love letters to cultivate them with success, our national coffers more wisely appropriate their hoards in the construction of rail-roads and canals! The State of South Carolina, Gentlemen! is more immediately and particularly averse to the cultivation of letters—for letters are not congenial with the pursuits of the farmer and the ship-owner; and where is the man so little versed in the wisdom of this world, Gentlemen! who would not rather produce ten thousand bales of Sea Island cotton, than the most learned treatise on the Greek Digamma, or the celebrated problem of the Three Bodies? But, Gentlemen! we have insensibly wandered from our proper subject. Touching, then, the act of December, 1822, and the insidious remonstrances of the British minister at Washington, and, more particularly, the views of this subject entertained by the Attorney-General of the U. S., and, apparently, by the President himself, and his temporizing secretaries of state, we beg leave to conclude this our earnest memorial to your honourable body, in the emphatic language of the late governor of our State (now a member of the Congress), which we beg you will lay to heart—weigh well—and vindicate, by your own conduct, from the foul aspersions that have been cast upon it by those who are the secret, but not less dangerous enemies to our state interests. “A firm determination to resist at the Lines, every invasion of our rice-fields and cotton-fields, and to preserve our sovereignty and independence as slave-holders, is earnestly

recommended ; and if an appeal to the great principle of possession and self-interest (for we possess these slaves, and it is our interest to possess them), be disregarded, there would be more glory in forming a rampart with our cotton-bags and our rice-barrels, on the confines of our rice-fields and our cotton-fields, than, on the confines of our cotton-fields and our rice-fields, to lose, Gentlemen ! our rice-barrels and our cotton-bags !”

(Signed) A. T. ESQ. CHAIRMAN,
AND
A. S. W. SECRETARY.’

The length of this extract will preclude our indulging in any further citations, except the following description of the Falls of Niagara, which we had marked as a favourable specimen of the Writer’s talent for sketching.

• While mine host was thus holding forth with an evident effort at display, the noise of the cataract gradually increased, and with it what appeared to be the invincible loquacity of the Canadian ; until—within about two miles of the object of our visit—the thunder of the waters burst upon us with an explosion that had the desired effect of silencing our talkative friend, who consented to listen—finding that he was not listened to. We alighted at the inn, and immediately proceeded to the river, with a guide, who undertook to conduct us by the nearest and safest road. After a long winding and wet passage through a wood totally impervious to the rays of the sun, we reached the famous Table Rock ; which—peering over the precipice into the black abyss beneath—affords the finest view of the Falls. As the base of the rock recedes by several feet, leaving a precarious surface jutting over the thunder and the foam of the infernal flood, my friend declined accompanying me to the verge of it, which I was determined to attain, in order to get a glimpse of the world of darkness underneath. I succeeded in getting within about two feet of the extreme point of this rock ; and—feeling a slight sensation of giddiness, produced by the horrid noise and depth of the tumbling river—I prostrated myself, and crept to the edge of the precipice, which, from its abrupt retrogression, forms an immense cavity below, and afforded me a spectacle to which nature has no parallel. The first impulse of feeling produced a shock that vibrated through my whole frame, and I recoiled instinctively, and in horror. Some one now hailed me—whether my friend or the guide, I knew not—I heard a human voice in the distance—but my attention was too much absorbed with that which was before and beneath me, to see or hear any thing else. I ventured again to cast my eyes below, but all distinctness of vision was lost—annihilated by the boiling, bounding, bursting hell beneath me, which lashed, in its remorseless wrath, the eternal rocks, whose fiery points, as they broke the tremendous world of waters that came down upon them, sending them howling and hissing against the sides of the vast black cavity, appeared to me to acquire a living and horrid instinct from the force of torture. The mist came boiling upwards, mingled with the spray, which darted

with inconceivable violence and velocity from the bottom of the rocks against which the Great Fall (on the Canada side), comprising more than one half of the whole river, dashed its enormous bulk, damning itself into a thousand splinters. My sense of hearing and of sight became, at length, confused from the infernal and eternal roar beneath me. I was overpowered by the scene—I felt exhausted—and drawing back some distance from the verge of the rock, I got up—and endeavoured to shake off the lethargy that had crept upon me. I now looked around for my friend, and saw him quietly seated upon the stump of an old tree, at a very respectable distance from the terrible scene. He beckoned and shouted to me—begging me for God's sake to come away. When I got up to him, he told me (with a most impressive earnestness of manner) that the guide had assured him the Table Rock was considered very unsafe, and hoped I would not venture upon it again. I renewed my visits, however, regularly once a day during our sojourn, and as regularly returned with the same undefined feelings of the grandeur and horror of the scene. The Falls are supposed to have commenced at Queenstown, and to have worn their way back (a distance of seven miles) to the spot they now occupy. The cataract is formed by an immense ledge or strata of rock, which intersects the river, commencing east, and stretching to an unknown distance into Canada, on the west. During our stay, we witnessed three peculiarly brilliant and perfect rainbows, which hovered, serene and beautiful, above the infernal waters, like spirits of mercy, clothed in their innocent robes of white, and mutely pleading for the damned, who lifted up their hundred voices in supplication! Two days after our arrival, we crossed over to the American side—and, being now under the Falls, I approached step by step along the ledge of rocks that form a gradual descent to the level of the river, and seated myself near (as near as the spray would admit of—which, at a distance of at least fifteen feet, dashed with amazing violence against my person), the principal Fall between Goat Island and the American shore. On looking up, the whole river appeared rushing wild in wrath upon me! and, as I was seated, precipitated its vast mass of waters in one loud burst of thunder at my feet. My clothes having become almost saturated with the spray, I retraced my steps, and, joining my friend, we ascended a flight of stairs that led up to the shore on the American side. After discussing certain liquids and solids, we proceeded to explore the wilds of Goat Island, which, in spite of its unpromising name, afforded some romantic walks. The most interesting object to my friend, was a billiard-room; which he appeared to me to detect by a sort of instinct—for it was completely shrouded by trees. I do confess to thee, sentimental reader, that I was not exactly prepared to meet with *such* a trace of civilization in the wilderness; and, somehow or other, I began to moralize, or, rather, to meditate—whilst my friend, with a most accomplished hand, amused himself with knocking about the balls. I could not help thinking that the presence of that terrible monitor, whose voice sent up its awful thunders from the depths below, might have had the effect of subduing and awing

into silence and submission, the vain tumults and vile importunities of human passion. I thought so then, but have since discovered that the heart of man is not to be checked or chilled, curbed or corrected but by its own actions—it lives through every change, and survives every trial of the world, ceasing to exist only when it has consumed *itself* to ashes—from which, unlike the fabled bird of the East, it can never rise again.' pp. 236—241.

When the Writer attempts to be comic, he is too generally coarse; and occasionally, we are sorry to say, he can be profane. Of the poetry, at the end of the volume, we can only say, 'it is *very like* Lord Byron,' and only wants his genius. English and American literature teems just now with Lord Byron's poetry in the second and third generation; but the evil will work its own cure, by producing a nausea; and the Byron rage will be succeeded by some fresh epidemic folly.

Art. IX. *Elements of Useful Knowledge in Geography, Astronomy, and other Sciences*; compiled for young Persons. By J. Allbut. Fourteenth Edition, much enlarged and improved, by T. Allbut. 12mo. pp. 124. Plates. Price 4s. 6d. half-bound. London, 1827.

OUR attention has been attracted to this useful little work by the singular neatness with which the present edition has been got up, and in particular, the superior execution of the engravings. These are eight in number; viz. a map of the world; a plate exemplifying geographical terms; a map of Europe; an outline of England and Wales, with figures of reference; the artificial Sphere; the solar system; another astronomical plate; and one illustrative of the structure of plants. The contents of the work relate to Geography—Astronomy—Natural Philosophy—Botany—Geology—History—Chronology—Grammar—and Arithmetic. Such a work as this,—an encyclopedia to a youthful mind,—would have been to us a treasury of delight, had we met with it in our boyish days; and we, therefore, feel it a duty to commend the present revised edition of an excellent compilation to the notice of parents and teachers. It appears to us very accurate and judicious, as free from technicality as may be, but competent and sound. The chapter on history only, has struck us as admitting of improvement: the distinctions of civil, personal, and *singular* history are useless, and further information might be given with regard to the grand epochs of history. Altogether, the work has very much pleased us, and, but for the exception referred to, we should be tempted to say that it is Allbut perfect.

ART. X. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

The British Society for promoting the Religious Principles of the Reformation, have issued the following general statement of their principles and of the plan upon which they intend to proceed.

"It is well known that an important change has taken place in the religious circumstances of Ireland. The principles of Scriptural Religion have been pressed upon the attention of our Roman Catholic Brethren in that country, and many of them have renounced the errors of that system under the influence of which they were reared, and have publicly professed the Protestant faith. The causes which, under the Divine blessing, have principally contributed to this happy result, are, the system of Scriptural education, the distribution of Bibles, Testaments, and religious Tracts, and the employment, under judicious superintendence, of itinerant readers of the Scriptures, in the English and Irish languages. The operation of these causes has been powerfully aided, as well by public discussion in various forms, as by the Christian zeal of the respectable classes of Society, particularly the parochial Clergy, and the Ministers of other Protestant denominations.

"While it is due to existing Societies to state that their exertions have materially contributed to the change in question, and while this Committee wish those Societies to enjoy an *increased* degree of public favour and support, it is necessary to observe, that their rules limit their operations to the specific objects which they have severally in view. It has, therefore, been thought advisable to form another Institution, for the purpose of promoting the religious improvement of Ireland generally; and, on behalf of that Institution, the Committee now address the British Public.

"The British Reformation Society was formed in London, on the 21st of May, 1827; and from the degree of public countenance with which it was then favoured, the Committee feel warranted in anticipating the support of the kingdom at large. They do not intend to interfere with the operations of other Societies; it is rather their wish to second those operations, by pursuing

objects which do not come within the province of existing Associations. The following statement of these objects will explain the nature of the Society's intentions, and will point out the field which it proposes to occupy.

"1. To enable Clergymen, and others engaged in promoting the Reformation in Ireland, to purchase such quantities of Bibles, Testaments, and Tracts, as the increasing wants of their respective parishes and districts may require.

"2. To supply individuals and associations with the means of circulating such instruction and information as may best meet the present circumstances of Ireland.

"3. To enable the friends of the Reformation to defray the expenses incurred by meetings for religious discussion, and by the publication of their proceedings, for which no Society at present provides.

"4. To collect and circulate authentic intelligence respecting the progress of the Reformation.

"5. To promote such modes of instruction as are best suited to the condition of the lower orders of the Roman Catholics throughout the Empire.

"From the above statement, the Public will perceive that the British Reformation Society will hold out no secular inducement to their Roman Catholic countrymen, for the purpose of accomplishing their objects: it will be equally obvious that the views of the Society have no connexion whatever with politics. Their high and holy aim is, to diffuse religious truth, and religious truth alone, and to leave the result in the hands of that God who has said, 'My word shall not return unto me void.'

. It is our intention, in our next Number, to devote a leading article to the review of the circumstances attending the extraordinary reformation now in progress in Ireland, in the hope of enabling our readers to appreciate its true character.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in one volume, *The Achievements of Prayer*, selected exclusively from the Holy Scriptures. 12mo.

Mr. Butler, of Hackney, has in the press, his *Questions on Roman History*.

Part XXXVI. of the Modern Traveller is now ready, containing a Map of Nubia and Abyssinia, and seven sheets of letter-press. This part completes the Description of Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia, forming two volumes, price 11s. in boards. The whole of the Countries which belong to SACRED GEOGRAPHY, have now been described; viz. Palestine, Syria and Asia Minor, Arabia, and Egypt; and these six volumes (any of which may be had separately) recommend themselves particularly to the Biblical student, on account of the ample illustrations which they contain of the history, geography, and allusions of the

sacred writings. The first part of Persia will appear on the 1st of August.

Preparing for the press, A defence of the Missions in the South Sea and Sandwich Islands, against the charges and misrepresentations of the Quarterly Review, in a letter addressed to the Editor of that Journal.

Just ready for publication, Services at the Ordination of the Rev. J. W. H. Pritchard to the Pastoral Office of Zion Chapel, Attercliffe. The Introductory Discourse, by the Rev. R. W. Hamilton; the Charge to the Minister, by the Rev. J. Gilbert; the Sermon to the People, by the Rev. W. Eccles.

ART. XI. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte. With a Preliminary View of the French Revolution. By the Author of "Waverley." 9 vols. post 8vo. 4l. 14s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHY.

Six Sheets of a New Atlas of India. Being the Surveys of the Mountainous Districts, by Captains Hodgson, Herbert, and Webb; and of Bundelcund, by Captain Franklin, on a Scale of Four Miles to an Inch. Price 8s. each sheet.

*** The Atlas is engraving by order of the Honourable Court of Directors, by Mr. John Walker, from Trigonometrical Surveys made for the purpose, being intended to form a complete Map of the whole of India, on an uniform plan. Each Sheet may be had separately, and an Index Sheet, shewing the plan and disposition of the whole, may be had of the publishers.

HISTORY.

A History of Ireland. By John O'Driscoll. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ellmer Castle; a Roman Catholic Story of the Nineteenth Century. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

The Sea-Side: a Series of Short Essays and Poets on various Subjects, suggested by a temporary Residence at a Watering Place. By the Rev. John East, A.M. Curate of St. James's, Bristol. 12mo. 8s.

The Epicurean; a Tale. By Thomas Moore, Esq. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

POETRY.

Torquato Tasso, a Dramatic Poem, from the German of Goethe; with other German Poetry. Translated by Charles Des Voeux, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

POLITICAL.

A Review of the Declaration of the Roman Catholic Bishops. By the Rev. James Richardson, M.A. one of the Vicars of York Minster. 8vo. 5s.

Substance of the Speech of J. Poynder, Esq. at the Courts of Proprietors of East India Stock, held on the 21st and 28th days of March, 1827. 8vo. 6s.

THEOLOGY.

Sermons, preached in the Parish Church of Richmond, Surrey. By the Hon. and Rev. G. T. Noel. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Sermons, chiefly Practical, preached in the Parish Church of Clapham, Surrey. By the Rev. William Dealtry, B.D. F.R.S. Rector of Clapham, and of Watton, Herts, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo.

Morning Thoughts, in Prose and Verse, on Portions of the Successive Chapters in the Gospel of St. Mark. By the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Religio Militis; or, Christianity for the Camp. Royal 18mo. 5s.

TRAVELS.

Journal of a Tour through France, Italy, and Switzerland, in the Years 1823-4. By John Willes Johnson, Commander R.N. 1 vol. 12mo. 6s.